

*The American*  
**LEGION**

MONTHLY

SEPTEMBER 1925

1925



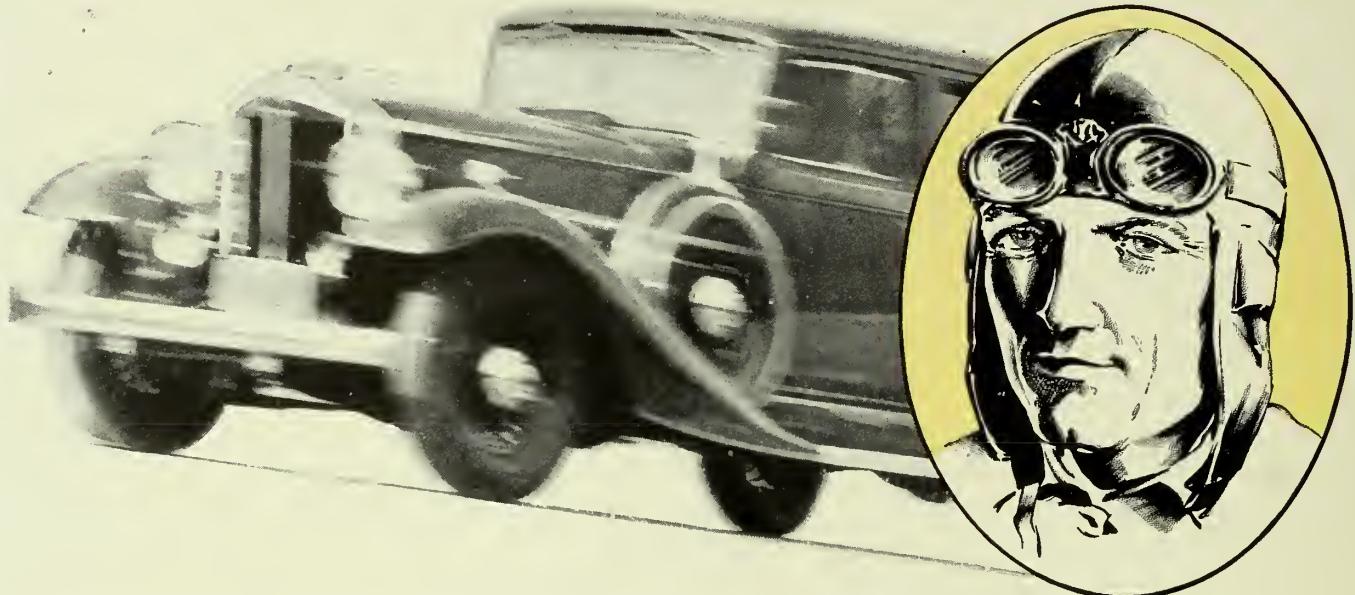
FIFTEENTH NATIONAL

*Convention*

CHICAGO OCTOBER 2 to 5



# NOT ONE BLOW-OUT IN GOLDEN PLY TIRES!



## LASTED 3 TIMES LONGER IN GRUELLING HIGH-SPEED TESTS



Heat generated by internal friction separates rubber and fabric—starts "blisters," which grow and grow until BANG! A blow-out.



Remarkable new Goodrich invention resists heat—making the New Goodrich Safety Silvertown 3 times safer from blow-outs at high speeds.

**"No blow-outs." "Lasted three times as long." First quality tires without the Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance . . . or less.**

THAT WAS the sensational news that made our most skeptical tire men cheer. Gruelling high-speed tests—on the world's fastest track—proved the amazing stamina of the Golden Ply beyond a question of doubt.

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Today's high speeds generate terrific heat inside your tire. Rubber and fabric separate. A blister forms . . . inside the tire, where you can't see it . . . and GROWS . . . bigger and bigger, until . . . BANG! A blow-out! And your car shoots madly off the road.

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists intense heat. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form. Blow-outs are prevented before they even start.

Remember, Goodrich Safety Silvertowns are the *only* tires in the world that offer the life-saving protection of the Life-Saver Golden Ply. Yet they cost not a single penny more than standard tires. Look up your Goodrich dealer's name in your Classified Telephone Directory. Have him put a set on your car NOW and be safe!

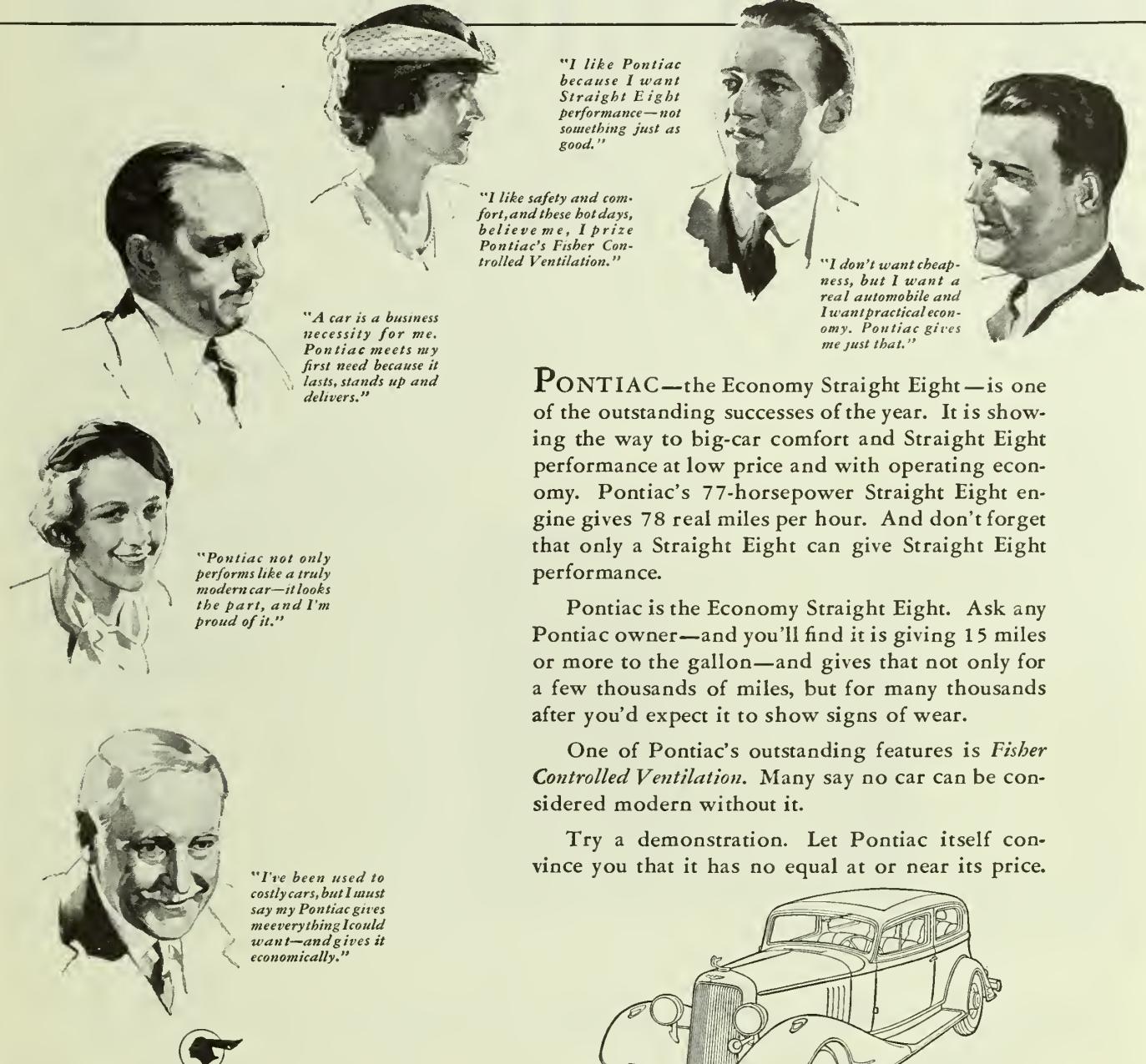
**FREE!** Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 219, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, O.



# Goodrich *Safety* Silvertown WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

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# Only a STRAIGHT EIGHT can give Straight Eight PERFORMANCE!

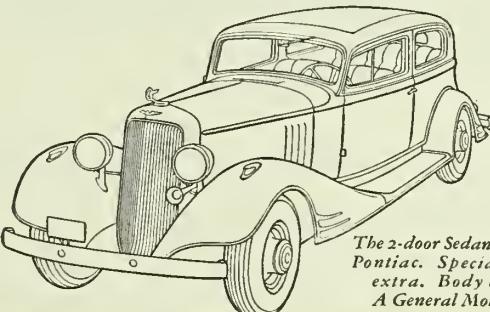


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# PONTIAC

THE ECONOMY  
STRAIGHT EIGHT

**\$585**

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BE SURE TO VISIT THE GENERAL MOTORS EXHIBIT WHILE IN CHICAGO

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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## THE A. E. F. AS ITS CHIEF PRESS CENSOR SAW IT

**F**REDERICK PALMER, who from time to time has been giving readers of the Monthly the details of his colorful career as a war correspondent, in the October issue carries his story to the point where, discarding the near mufti of an observer, he became Major Palmer, Chief Press Censor of the American Expeditionary Forces. It makes a thrilling story, one you will not want to miss.

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*In reporting change of address (to Indianapolis office) be sure to include the old address as well as the new*





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to see**

Chevrolet craftsmen take the engine, and carry it over to the chassis by means of a hoist, then gradually lower it into its proper place in the frame.

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CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET**

# LATE HARVEST

by  
*Leonard H. Nason*

*Illustrations by  
J. Clinton Shepherd*

**O**N ONE side of the floor devoted to the claim department of the Eagle Liability Insurance Company was a glass-enclosed space known as "The Bull-pen." Here, between nine and ten-thirty in the morning, the adjusters of public liability cases gathered to write up their reports, to dictate into machines what they had done, and make up the advance schedule of what they hoped to do.

Among those who talked into machines from the sides of their mouths was a long man with a sort of leathery face, and the calm gray eye of one used to contemplating great distances. This man's voice could be heard above the others like a cornet above the other pieces of an orchestra, and at one time, when, in comparative silence, the words, "Neow, I explained this to the plaintiff—" could be heard, the listeners laughed heartily.

"Mr. Caleb Lake!" called a young man entering the Bull-pen. The long man with the nasal accent turned. The newcomer jerked one thumb over his shoulder. "To be fed to the lions!" said he. "He's roarin' for meat!"

Mr. Caleb Lake stood up to his full ungainly height. Then bending back again he hooked up the mouthpiece of his machine and closed the folder.

"It can't be bad," said he, "otherwise he'd a-hollered!" He went out and down the floor to a glass-enclosed office at the other end. Here behind a barricade of case folders sat a bushy-eye-browed man with a face like a rock. A cigar in the corner of his mouth emitted smoke like a cannon, and his eyes glared indeed like those of a lion awaiting meat. This lion-looking man was named McClusky. He was the chief adjuster for the Eagle, known as "Sign-'Em-Up" to his subordinates, from his frequently reiterated statement that his only interest in life was to see that all those who felt they had any claim against the Eagle Liability Insurance Company should be induced to sign their names at once to a certain slip of paper, in consideration of a certain sum of money, of not very large amount.

"Lake," snapped McClusky, "yuh know anything about women?"

Caleb Lake started, then turned a faint pink.

*WHAT Happened When Insurance Adjuster Lake Tried to Do a Run-Out on a Case and Take His Vacation, in the Face of Orders to the Contrary by His Hard-Boiled Boss, Sign-'Em-Up McClusky*



**"Lake," snapped McClusky, "yuh know anything about women?"**

"No!" said he. "That's a form o' knowledge that I've heard tell worked out expensive!"

"Huh! Well, you heard right! Now listen. Here comes a case here about which our first knowledge is a summons and complaint in the name of a certain Mrs. LaTouche. Who's the assured? Why, the assured is her husband, and the reason that he don't report the accident is because he got killed in it. 'Now, madam,' thinks you, 'we're just too sorry, but we ain't in the accident insurance business and so we can't be called upon to pay you, however much we'd like to.' Yuh think wrong, Lake! Our policy covers anyone drivin' the car with the assured's permission. Accordin' to what the preliminary report says, some friend of the husband is drivin', and they blow out a tire and tip over. Husband is dead. Wife sues friend. The policy wasn't written to cover a loss like this, but we gotta cover." He smoked his cigar fiercely. "That is, we gotta cover, but we ain't gotta pay! That's what I'm here for."

"How can you beat a passenger case?" asked Caleb. "It's goin' to be hard to argue, if there's no third party involved. What's she after? Any idea of a figger yet?"

"I dunno," said McClusky, leaning across his desk impressively. "Listen to this: The defendant is a young fellar, so's the widow. There was a big fife and drum corps competition in town that day, and assured gets full of malt. He asks his friend, a lad named Knowlan, to drive him home. The car tips over and

LaTouche is killed. It comes out at the inquest that he was drunk, and Knowlan, the fellar was drivin', is cold sober. That looks wrong to me! Another thing looks wrong, is this suit! How come this widow sues her own husband's pal?"

"Well, she might sue because she was mad," said Caleb. "If I was a wife I'd be mad at a man that tipped my husband over in his automobile!"

McClusky put down his cigar and leered sideways at Caleb. "And she might sue because she and this lad Knowlan decided to get rid of husband in the most convenient way and have the insurance company contribute a little somethin' to get married on!"

"How you goin' to prove it?"

"Well, that'll be your job from now on. Come in Monday, and tell me what you found out by then!"

Caleb shifted his weight from one bony leg to the other. He coughed diffidently behind his hand.

"I can't do that, Mr. McClusky," said he, "because I go on my vacation tomorrow."

"Vacation!" roared McClusky. "Whaddyuh mean vacation? Here we got a case that we got no loophole for, that's gonna cost a wad, because if this widow knows enough to sue, she knows what the case is worth to settle. I give it to you because you're the only dumbbell we got here that's got the faintest glimmerin' of elementary intelligence. I ask you to go out and see if maybe you can't dig somethin' up that we can use as a talkin' point anyway, an' you says to me you gotta go on your vacation! That's loyalty to the company, if I ever saw it!"

"I was told," said Caleb, "when I first come to work for the company that I was to have two weeks' vacation with pay. Last March they asked me for my preference. I said the first two weeks in July, so they give me the first two weeks in August, and this is it!"

"Well, put it off a coupla weeks more!"

"I can't," said Caleb. "I come from Vermont, and I go home every year. I help my father get in his hay. He's been countin' on me, and it's too late to hire any help now!"

"Well," growled McClusky, "go out today. Find out what you can! Have a look at that widow. See if there's any sign o' what I thought, an' if there is, we got 'em for conspiracy to murder. We'll see if they want to hear our argument on that!"

It was a long ride by train to where the principals in the case lived. On the way out, Caleb reviewed such hasty notes as he had copied from the case folder. The car covered by the policy was being driven along the state highway at high speed on a certain Saturday noon. A front tire had blown out, and the car had overturned. The man Knowlan, who was driving, was unhurt, but the assured, who was sitting beside him had been killed, and the widow was now suing Knowlan, alleging that his negligent driving had been the cause of her husband's death. The Eagle, under its policy, must defend Knowlan, since he had been driving the car with the owner's permission. Since the car had been going at dangerous speed, according to all accounts, negligence could easily be proved. Caleb shook his head. The thing to do on this case was to let it ride until a few months before trial, and then get out of it for whatever price they could prevail on the plaintiff to take, short of the policy limit of five thousand dollars.

Caleb went first to the garage of the man Knowlan, who had been driving the car that had figured in the accident. It needed but one look to decide Caleb that there was no conspiracy here. Mr. Knowlan was a sturdy, honest-faced man, who ran a small garage and



He wiped his hands nervously on a piece of waste, and answered Caleb's questions readily



**The framed certificate of service read, "Killed in action at Bois de l'Orme, France, October 18, 1918"**

filling station on the state highway. He wiped his hands nervously on a piece of waste, and answered Caleb's questions readily. It had been about noon one day last week, and LaTouche, driving his own car, had stopped at the garage and asked Knowlan if he would drive him home.

"What was the idea in that?" asked Caleb.

"Well," replied Knowlan slowly, "he'd been lookin' at the cup when it was red, and he'd got an eyeful. He was in pretty tough shape for that hour of the morning! Well, you know what

they are in this State if they smell liquor on you, and he had to drive through town. There was a lot of cars on the road and if he had an accident it meant a fine and maybe a stay in the brig, and the loss of his license anyway. So I said I'd drive him home!"

"He been to the drum corps competition?" asked Caleb.

"At Framingham? No. LaTouche wasn't in the service anyway. Funny thing, that, because he was the right age and everything. He told me once he was waitin' to be called when the Armistice was signed. No, he hadn't been to the drum corps thing. He avoided the old soldiers. Afraid they'd kid him maybe."

"Well, now, about the accident. How'd that happen?"

"Front tire blew out. We went over a bank."

Knowlan went into more detail, haltingly, his face saddened at the recollection. "I was drivin' faster than I should have been," said he, "because I wanted to go to this drum corps competition myself, and to get him home and get back and have dinner and change my clothes, I'd have to step some. Well, haste makes waste, and I didn't get there after all."

"About the widow," began Caleb, to change the subject. "What's she like? Spouse she'd talk to me?"

"I don't know her very well," said Knowlan. "Him I used to pal around with a lot. Don't seem right, now, she should go suin' me for tryin' to do him a favor. I sent the notice to my insurance company and they said they didn't cover, but to send it to you people. You're goin' to take care of it, aren't you?"

"Yup," agreed Caleb, his thoughts on the case and his vacation. There was obviously nothing wrong so far. Now the widow, having an attorney, could not be interviewed without his consent. Yet she was, in a sense, the company's policyholder. Why could not Caleb call on her as such, talk with her, perhaps find some loophole by which the case might be disposed of and so clean the thing up, and not have it on his mind all through his vacation?

"I think I'll go call on Mrs. LaTouche!" announced Caleb. "What's she look like?"

"Oh, I dunno. Light haired. She ain't much to look at. I don't know her very well. I went round with him a lot, but not her. Yeh, I knew him quite well, poor fellar. You from Maryland, too?"

"Too?" What do you mean 'too'? I'm from Vermont!" replied Caleb.

"Are you? Why, LaTouche was from Maryland, but he talks —talked—just like you do!"

"Go on!" laughed Caleb. "Didn't you ever hear anybody from Vermont talk before?"

"Sure," said Knowlan, "but I never heard anyone from Maryland but LaTouche. How would I know they talked through their nose down there, too? Well, now you speak of it, there is a difference. You talk that way all the time, and he only did it when he got excited!"

Caleb, however, did not hear. He was consulting his notes as though he searched the widow LaTouche's address. But his eye was unseeing. His mind was afar, roving a mountain brook in the shadow of Owl's Head, counting the hours that separated him from the deep valleys and the peace that comes after heavy labor in the fields.

Next morning, as Caleb entered the office, the assistant chief adjuster, whose desk faced the door, pointed silently, but with a grin, to McClusky's den. Caleb went in, wondering what portended now. Old Sign-'Em-Up was there, eye flashing fire and cigar emitting smoke.

"Look here, Lake," he began, "what was the grand idea yesterday? Whaddyuh go antagonize that plaintiff in the LaTouche case for?"

"I didn't antagonize her!" protested Caleb.

"She said you put your foot in the door and tried to bust into the house!"

"I never did!" protested Caleb. "I just says to her, 'Madam, may I speak to you a few minutes on an important matter?'"

"Yuh told her you was from the Eagle Insurance Company! You lunkhead! Whaddyuh do that for?"

"Why, she's our policyholder!"

"She ain't!" roared McClusky, "and you know it! Her husband was our assured, but that don't make her a policyholder!"

She's got a shyster lawyer, or he wouldn't have told her to sue us anyway. Yeh, won't he make a fine thing outta this! We go see his client and try to settle behind his back! Oh, awful! We send a big bruiser out there to force his way into the house and intimidate her! Won't that sound great to the jury! As if the case wasn't bad enough without that!"

"I never did no such of a thing!" protested Caleb, his accent becoming more pronounced in his excitement. "I thought—"

"Yeh, you thought! I know what you thought! You thought here's a nasty case I don't like, and I'll just go get the plaintiff mad and old Sign-'Em-Up will have to assign the case to someone else! Well, you thought wrong! And when you thought you was goin' on a vacation tomorrow, you thought wrong, too! Because you ain't! You go out on this case and you find out some reason why we ain't got to pay our own policyholder for his own fatal accident! And when it's done, you come back and tell me about it!"

Caleb went haggardly back to the Bull-pen, and slumped into a chair. The other adjusters received him jeeringly as they always did one of their number just out of the "steam room."

"So I sez to the plaintiff," they chanted, "ye can't have it! I won't pay it! The case ain't wuth it!"

Caleb made no reply. "Don't go on your vacation!" McClusky had said, or words to that effect. How Caleb had planned for it, saved for it, counted the months and then the days! How often in thought he had roamed the hills, eaten baking powder biscuits with maple sugar on them, slept the sleep of the just in the old-fashioned bed, and risen the next morning with the dawn to feed and water the stock, wash at the pump, and be off after breakfast to a day of delicious toil in the "south mowin'!" Now all was gone! How bitter was the world, and how McClusky encumbered it!

"Mr. Lake?" The office boy entered with a folder that he handed to Caleb, and two long blue envelopes. Caleb gasped, then hastily opened them. In one was his two weeks' pay check, not due until Tuesday, and in the other two more weeks' emolument, and stamped across the face, "Vacation Advance."

That settled it. The powers that be had promised him a vacation, had set the date for it, had given him the money to go on it. And he was going! Let McClusky do his worst when he came back!

Now what was this folder? Ah. It was the case of LaTouche versus Knowlan (fatal), with a newspaper clipping attached to it. Press report of the accident, probably, but rather late. No, it was an account of the funeral.

"Former Soldier Buried Yesterday With Military Honors." Huh? No mistake. "Our late fellow citizen, Arthur LaTouche—victim of an automobile accident—served overseas with 20th Division—wounded—decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross."

Quickly Caleb seized the telephone and called Knowlan's garage.

"How about this?" he demanded when the connection had been made. "I thought you said LaTouche wasn't in the service?"

"Yeh, I know," answered Knowlan. "It was in the papers yesterday. I meant to call you yesterday afternoon and tell you about it. His wife was goin' through his things and found his discharge papers and the citation for the D. S. C. She found he had ten thousand dollars government life insurance, too. It'll come in handy. She took all that stuff down town to the lawyer to see what it amounted to, and he gave the story to the papers."

"Well, why should he hide it if he'd been a soldier? Hadn't he oughta been proud of it?"

"I dunno," replied Knowlan. "You got me!"

"And with a decoration, too. Why should he try to hide that?"

"Dunno. Maybe he didn't think he deserved it. Maybe he was sore. He didn't get it till 1920. I saw the citation. Well, they give him a military funeral,

anyway. And I never knew anything about it. I don't get into town very often, anyway."

"Goodbye," said Caleb. "When I come back we'll want to talk to you some more about this. See you in a couple of weeks."

He hung up the receiver and tossed the folder into the basket. It behooved him to get out of the office before he got a direct order from McClusky not to leave it. Meanwhile, lest there be any question, he gently removed the clipping from the folder and put it in his pocket, thus preventing any queries as to why he had not at once dictated his impressions of it. Then, leaving by the fire exit at the rear of the building, he took his departure.

Caleb descended from the sleeper the next morning into a cold rain. The wild valleys of Vermont, through which the railroads wind tortuously, lose none of their gloomy majesty by being half veiled in smoking rain, with long streamers of mist now concealing, now revealing, the granite peaks, like a dog showing his teeth. Caleb regarded the weather with feelings akin to horror. It had occurred to him during a troubled night that he had not, perhaps, been wise in defying the redoubtable McClusky. Jobs were hard to get, if McClusky should prove unforgiving. It seemed to him that the mountains reproved him. Then appeared his father, who welcomed him with open arms, and McClusky was forgotten.

"We'll go over to the lunch room," said his father, after the



It was still raining hard when Lawyer Godfrey left them



**He pulled it out of his pocket, and then remembered. It was the newspaper clipping**

first greetings were over, "n' hev somethin' to warm us up a little. We're in fer a spell o' rain, an' it'll be bitter goin' up the mountain on an empty stomach."

"Lunch room?" exclaimed Caleb. "Town's growin' fast. Who they got here that don't eat at home?"

"Oh, this is a tourist place. Just runs durin' the summer. There's a Mrs. Sohier, from over in the west valley, she runs it. Overnight guests, an' the like o' that. Don't pay, though. The cement rud's goin' down the other side o' the mountains, an' that'll take away what trade she's got. I'm sorry about that. She's a hard worker."

"Excuse me, but aren't you Mr. Lake?"

Both Caleb and his father turned. A small man stood there, wearing the wing collar, the derby hat, and the black gloves that marked him as a doctor, a lawyer, or a member of the legislature. He balanced an umbrella against the wind, and smiled out of a little nutcracker face.

"Well, hello!" cried Caleb's father. "Mr. Godfrey, how be ye? Caleb, this is Lawyer Godfrey from Brattleboro. My son, Caleb. Kind of in the same profession. Caleb's a claim agent for an insurance company. Well, Mr. Godfrey, what are you doin' this side the mountains this rainy morning?"

"I come up to see a fellar about a deed," replied Mr. Godfrey. "There's a Mrs. Sohier I want to see, too. Where do you suppose I could find her?"

"Why, we're right on our way there now!" answered Caleb's father heartily. "Come along with us and have a bite of breakfast."

Mr. Godfrey accepted gladly and they took their way down a deserted street toward a sign that said, "Overnight Guests. Meals At All Hours."

"Claim agent, eh?" remarked Mr. Godfrey as they walked along. "That's a nice job. I had a case once against the Slow Jerky an' Long Comin' that paid my office rent for six months. If you should ever have somethin' you could turn my way, some little subsidiary claim, you know, wouldn't hurt your company any, I'd see you was took care of."

Mrs. Sohier was a fierce-eyed woman, with a jaw that spoke of strength of character, but she had a hospitable manner withal, and smiled upon Caleb and Lawyer Godfrey when they were introduced to her. The three men had breakfast and Caleb's father and the lawyer talked of various matters, of the prospect of crops, the bond issue for the new road, and the coming elections. Mr. Godfrey was going in their direction, and Caleb's father invited him to share the family buggy as far as his way took him up the mountain.

They went out to get the horse, but Caleb, having neither raincoat nor umbrella, elected to stay in the lunchroom until they returned for him. He stood by the window, rubbing circles in the steam on its inside surface, and wondering if the rain would ever stop, when Mrs. Sohier approached and coughed apologetically.

"I heard your father say as how you was in the insurance business," said she, "and I wonder if I could (Continued on page 50)

# THE MAN *of the* FUTURE

*By Irving Bacheller*

**N**O PHASE of the commercial era has more deeply engaged my interest than the development of advertising. One result of it has been the elimination of the most distinguished media of art and literature the world has known. Since the main drive of life became commercial, even the ladies have studied the art of advertising. Their skill has had its effect on the scenery and conversation of America. Things in no need of exploitation have been pushed into prominence.

When I was young the girls were small advertisers. A two- or three-inch ad at the bottom of the page satisfied them. No double column spread, next to sensational matter such as one may see now, especially at the bathing beaches! The results of this advertising are quite apparent. In my youth if a girl got one husband it was all that she could reasonably expect. Now she can get two or three. She can try them out with a large waiting list in case they do not wear well. She can return the goods if not satisfactory. When I was a boy the great mystery in literature was Mrs. Southworth's Hidden Hand and about the most remarkable mystery in life was Every Girl's Hidden Leg.

Marriage has become a kind of commercial enterprise. A husband or a wife must pay dividends. Many of us are not bothered by the vulgar thing known as sentiment. Children and broken hearts—what is all that but cheap sentiment? The people who read poetry are very few. The shining towers of Romance have fallen. Shakespeare is no longer a part of our life. There is a kind of moratorium in the reign of immortal genius. It doesn't pay.

What a cheap, sentimental lot were the old time bandits of the Jesse James type! They always gave a man a chance for his life. It was poor business. They were all captured. We find no such weakness in the bandits of today.

In my time the power of advertising has been convincingly demonstrated. We seem to have forgotten that of all the inhabitants of the earth, the young are most susceptible to the influence of advertising. They find themselves in a strange country. Their curiosity about it is insatiable. They ask questions. They long for more and more knowledge of it. They see, they hear, they wonder. I remember vividly the queries that came to me when I was a little lad, and my sublime faith in father and mother as the source of all knowledge.

Social and financial success may be good in their way, but the final judgment on a man and a woman must rest largely on the success of their home. What kind of goods are they selling to their children?

We who have gone far up the road cannot remake ourselves.

Only a kind of miracle could accomplish that. But we do have it in our power to make real men and women of our boys and girls. We may well wonder what is to happen to this beloved land of ours in the next century, but if we do our work well with these little people entrusted to our keeping, we need have no wonder. America must have leaders, and it is in our power to make them. The future is in our hands. All ye parents, teachers and lawmakers please take heed of this.

Many of us have suffered, but with all our losses I hope that few have lost either their patriotism or their worthy ideals. If we look through our troubles to the big underlying cause of them, we shall be in no mood to slight our task. The truth is that all our troubles have come of the bad training of the young. If the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns had been wise and careful in the bringing up of Franz Josef and Wilhelm II, it is probable that we would have had no World War. Flattered, pampered and cajoled, these boys were soon able to imagine that they were the partners of God.

**M**OST of the ills of this world have been caused by princes spoiled when they were young. The human race has at last discovered this great truth. Since 1918 how many thrones and emperors have tumbled into the dust! This old earth has almost purged itself of emperors. There is not one left with a voice louder than a tin whistle. Still it is, I fear, a fact that many of us common people are still raising princes and princesses—boys and girls full of conceit and greed and selfishness. Surely those qualities have been too apparent in the history of the last ten years.

All the taints of heredity are, I think, due to carelessness in the training of children. The main objective of life is not business or pleasure but the making of men and women. What are we to try to sell to the young?

We all know that honor and good faith and kindness and chivalry and a passion for human service are things that go into the making of a great spirit.

But with all that it may never get far. It must always be trying to strengthen and improve its structure of manhood. It must never be quite satisfied with that. It must have modesty, self restraint and a growing faith in its own power. These qualities,



*Decoration by  
Forrest C. Crooks*



some of which seem almost to be inconsistent, made Lincoln the pre-eminent ideal of civilized peoples. Always amenable to counsel, he was never the "know it all" type of man. The insults of his own Commander-in-Chief and the abuse of those who misunderstood and hated him could not break the calm of his spirit. He carefully weighed the opinions of other men and then he chose his course and once he had chosen it he was immovable as the rock base of a mountain. With all his humility he had sublime faith in his own convictions. It is interesting that Lincoln and Lee, who differed much, have exercised a greater influence over the youth of our country than all the other leaders. I think it is because they had a like love of their fellow men. Lee's beautiful

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**"We may wonder what is to happen to this beloved land of ours in the next century, but if we do our work well with these little people entrusted to our keeping, we need have no wonder. America must have leaders, and it is in our power to make them"**

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courtesy and charity are an active and a growing force in America.

I have lived in the age of invention. Certain men and women have invented new morals and found a limited sale for them. What with alimony, lawyer's fees, honeymoon expenses and the price of blighted affection, they are too costly to come into general use. I have seen ladies with invented faces. They never fit.

Certain college professors have invented a new type of intellect warranted to be perfectly satisfied with itself and the pleasures of this life. It wouldn't fit the most of us. Some invented a new way of getting rich. No more thrift and hard work! All one had to do was speculate and prosper. That has gone into the junk heap.

By and by, Edison and others invented a new world—a world of illusion full of wonder and mystery—a refuge from drudgery and care and the wearying commonplace of everyday existence. The human race had known of nothing so important since the discovery of America. The new world found by Columbus was never to be the scene of more picturesque and thrilling adventures. No one had to endure danger and discomfort in this marvelous shadow world. I saw its power. The Christian church seemed to be unaware that a new force had come greater even than itself. The conversion of the heathen had suddenly dwindled to nothing in comparison with the peril of those in the fold. Soon they discovered that its power over the young was immeasurable. Often there was a slim attendance at Sunday School but this Every Day School was apt to be crowded with the young. It was persistently advertising evil.

It seemed to be largely given over to the affairs of Satan. Harlots, robbers, bandits, kidnappers were advertising the liberated intellect and the things that go with it—underworld slang, gun play, "bumping off a guy," robbery, seduction, illicit passion and every type of outlaw violence and wild adventure. And our young, seeking knowledge of the world, got this revolting picture of life.

So few of us seem to remember that children never forget. And what is character but the sum of one's memories and a dash of heredity? I say without hesitation that the shadow world has been mostly up to this date a bandit factory and a finishing school for libertines where the child is likely to lose all respect for God, man and human decency. A business (Continued on page 42)

# THEY WORE

*the*

# GRAY

*by*

*Marquis James*



General John B. Gordon was Governor of Georgia when he was elected Commander-in-Chief of the U. C. V. at its first convention. He continued to hold the highest office in the veterans' organization until his death in 1904

**I**N VIEW of the creed of the ephemeral organization which some ten years ago borrowed the name Ku Klux Klan it may be of interest to relate that the Chaplain-in-Chief of the original Klan was Father Abram Ryan, a Catholic priest, and that its principal financial backer was Judah P. Benjamin, a Jew who had been Secretary of State of the Confederate government. So much for an example of the comprehensive and vital character that Nathan Bedford Forrest gave the Klan when he assumed control of its destinies in May, 1867, at the secret conclave in the Maxwell House at Nashville while an unsuspecting Federal army was encamped in the city to enforce the will of the Northern extremists on the South.

At this meeting the name of the society was expanded to The Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan and the senior officer's title changed to Grand Wizard, which was a personal tribute to General Forrest whose war record had earned him the sobriquet of Wizard of the Saddle. Plans were made to extend the Empire throughout the South. It was subdivided into Realms, which were States, Dominions which were Congressional Districts, Provinces and Dens. The invisible character of the Empire was preserved and the secrets of its remarkable career kept despite the efforts of ten thousand spies to learn them. To this end the whole work of organization and administration of the Klan during the twelve years of its existence was conducted without written records. No membership rolls were kept. The oath of

allegiance and the brief constitution were committed to memory and circulated by word of mouth.

Probably none other than Forrest could have managed such an organization successfully, but General Forrest, although the most brilliant cavalry tactician the war produced, was almost an illiterate man. "Hed Quaters" and "sadle" are samples of his spelling when he undertook to write an order. He ran his army with a minimum of paper-work that has been a serious obstacle to historians. But from his habit of carrying plans for a campaign in his head and communicating them orally to subordinates he developed an exceptional memory and cultivated this faculty in others.

The Klan oath was a vow not to be lightly taken. The candidate swore "before the great immaculate God of heaven and earth" to "uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States as it was handed down by our forefathers in its original purity . . . and forever maintain and contend that intelligent white men shall govern this country." It pledged the applicant to assist "all brothers in distress, females, widows and their households." Orders must be obeyed and the secrets of the Empire kept under penalty of "death at the hands of my brethren."

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**It Was Not Until Nearly a Quarter Century After the Close of the War That the United Confederate Veterans Was Formed. Modeled on the Grand Army of the Republic, It Came to Speak for the Southern Veteran as the G. A. R. Did for the Northern**

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The Nashville "convention" dispersed as quietly as it had come together. General Forrest had picked his lieutenants in every Southern State—leaders of the highest type such as John B. Gordon in Georgia, Wade Hampton and William H. Wallace in South Carolina, Albert Pike in Arkansas, James Z. George in Mississippi, Zebulon B. Vance in North Carolina. From the

Potomac to the Rio Grande, Forrest's couriers carried the Grand Wizard's plea for action.

But no action could be prompt enough to parry the first staggering blow. Under the Act of March 2, 1867, the governments of ten States had been abolished and five military districts substituted pending the creation of new state governments by constitutional conventions in which Negroes should be eligible to sit though whites who had supported the Confederacy were barred. At the time of the Nashville meeting the Federal troops were in their places attended by swarming trains of Northern adventurers bent on manipulating the Negro vote to raise themselves to the places of power denied the Southern whites. The stage was set for the carpet-bag rule.

The first duty of the military was to see to the registration of all males of voting age. Whites as well as blacks could vote, though the whites, except those who would swear they had not supported the Confederacy, were ineligible to hold office. In five States the registration of Negro voters exceeded that of whites, the ratio in South Carolina being two to one. Of 87,121 colored voters in Louisiana 8,597 were said to be able to sign their names.

The registration brought home to the South the grave nature of the new struggle that confronted it. It was not as if Negro suffrage had been made the law of the land. In only eight Northern States was the Negro permitted to vote, and in these States the

been the plan Lincoln had suggested shortly before his death.

But for the activity of the carpet-baggers Negro registration would have been light. The Klan would have seen to this, and the task would have presented few difficulties. The average ex-slave had vague ideas concerning his newly acquired rights of citizenship. He did not know what the words meant, much less the words constitution or constitutional convention. Despite the coaching of the carpet-baggers many colored people believed the ballot meant the realization of a passing agitation for "forty acres and a mule" for every Negro field hand. Others thought it meant that their wives could wear hoop skirts. But the carpet-baggers and the troops, whose orders were specific, saw that the Negroes got on the polling lists. Colored men were regimented into clubs called Union Leagues and marched to places of registration. This caused some disorder. Military authorities closed the University of Georgia because of a student's speech and removed several sheriffs who failed to show a sufficiently lively interest in the registration of Negroes. In Arkansas the courts were suppressed. In Mississippi forty-one citizens who had been too free with their criticisms were arrested by the military and held for trial by courts-martial although the civil courts were open.

With open opposition impossible the fettered white South could only work behind a mask or submit. This gave the Klan a



Fifty years after Pickett's famous charge up Cemetery Hill the survivors of the Confederate host came back to Gettysburg to honor the men of both sides who died there

colored population was negligible. In Massachusetts and other States literacy was required of all voters regardless of color. Before the Radical Congress in its assault upon the conciliatory reconstruction policy of President Johnson had turned the government of the South over to the former slaves and their carpet-bag masters, Alexander H. Stephens, late vice president of the Confederacy and other enlightened Southerners were at work on a scheme to give intelligent Negroes the ballot. This also had

chance that Forrest did not neglect. He directed that every Den of the Klan parade on July 4, 1867, the date being chosen because of its national rather than sectional significance. It was a bid for the tolerant people of the North to look beyond the barriers of prejudice at the effects of the Radical program in the South.

In five States the hooded pageants rode forth, taking particular pains to exhibit themselves to carpet-baggers and Negroes. No words were spoken, no warnings uttered. (Continued on page 38)

★ *The National Commander Says —*

# THE COURT *takes* *the CASE*

UNDER our legal system any man charged with an offense against the law has the right to have his case passed upon by a jury of his peers. The system is perhaps not perfect, and various angles of it have been under criticism probably since it was initiated—certainly since the first man to take advantage of it got what he thought was a raw decision. But in theory, and largely in practice, the jury system is eminently fair. Juries can be swayed by impassioned pleas that supplant reason with emotion; they can be so timorous of popular disapproval that they put themselves on trial instead of the prisoner and decide according to what is good for them rather than for justice; they can occasionally—at least individual members can—be extremely dense. There is the traditional story, told in every jury room in the land, of the one juror who was holding out in the face of eleven men who were convinced that they were right, and probably were. A bailiff knocked on the door to inform them that it was time for lunch. "All right," grumbled the foreman. "Send out for eleven sirloin steaks smothered in onions—and one bale of hay."

But with all the jury system's faults we love it still, and will doubtless continue to use it until the end of time. Its merits outweigh its defects. The democracy of the jury system appeals instinctively to any fair-minded person.

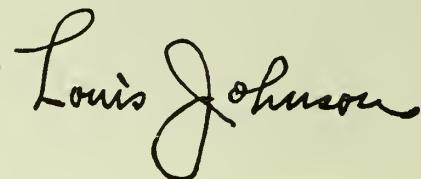
But the jury is not the supreme factor in a case. Our legal system realizes that the jury system has its imperfections, and we have a safeguard to act as a check on any jury that, for whatever cause, renders a decision that does not seem to the court to be a just decision. Technically, it is the jury's function to pass on the evidence, to winnow the true from the false, and it is the court's function to pass on the law. But the court, in the exercise of its own judgment, can if circumstances warrant take the case out of the jury's hands—can instruct a verdict, can render a verdict without instruction, can set aside the verdict of the jury altogether. It can, in technical parlance, render a judgment *non obstante veredicto*—notwithstanding the verdict.

The court, in other words, is the ultimate arbiter—not the jury. We see this fact particularly when a case is appealed, perhaps as high as the Supreme Court of the United States, through appellate courts which are themselves a sort of combination of judge and jury. We believe in the jury system, but we believe in a jury system held in moderate but definite check by the court. The jury suggests, the court directs.

During the past year The American Legion has been on trial. The jury has been made up of its own membership. The jury has weighed calmly the testimony that has been brought against the organization—testimony in many evidences biased, warped, often maliciously false. The facts are familiar to you—you have read them in my articles, heard them in my addresses up and down the country in mass meetings and over the radio. You are convinced that The American Legion was charged with high crimes and misdemeanors of which it was not guilty.

But your sincere belief that it was not guilty has not been—could not be—enough. Over and above you sits the court, the court that is the American people. What you may think means nothing compared with what the court thinks.

What does the court think? Remember that the trial began last



March with the announcement of the Administration's economy program. Remember that it has continued through the tumultuous months since then, and that although a definite balance was struck in the handling of the problem of the disabled World War veteran in June, the case is still in process of being finally adjudicated.

Even while these lines are being written the verdict is being rendered. It is possible in this article to present a few of the straws which indicate the direction in which the wind is setting. Public opinion is rendering its decision, and the decision is favorable to The American Legion.

The Portland (Maine) *Evening Express*, commenting on your Commander's Fourth of July broadcast, declared:

"Mr. Johnson did not deny that some of the laws previous to the economy act imposed injustices on taxpayers by giving compensation to veterans who were not disabled, but he did deny that the Legion was responsible for those which were the most costly and the least defensible. He doesn't deny that the Legion vigorously opposed the passage of the economy act. 'We knew,' said he, 'when the legislation was before Congress that it threatened drastic cuts in payments to veterans who were disabled and handicapped for life as a direct result of their service to the country in the World War.'

"It is common knowledge that the Legion was justified in that conclusion."

"Corrections were secured," the *Express* continues, "as a result of the intervention of the Legion administration," and I

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**Mr. Average Citizen: "Why, you're pretty much the same sort you were in 1918 after all!"**

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want to add here that in my interpretation the phrase "Legion administration" means not merely National Headquarters, the national officials, the National Rehabilitation Committee and the National Executive Committee, but the whole alert and watchful Legion membership. Further, says the *Express*:

"Corrections were secured as a result of the intervention of the Legion administration and Mr. Johnson expresses the hope that those now ordered will protect all sick and disabled veterans against further injustices during the period of economy and recovery.

"The Legion organization acted with conservatism following the passage of the economy act. Mr. Johnson told his listeners



Cartoon by John Cassel

they might have denounced the President and thrown all possible obstacles in the path of his efforts to end the depression and restore prosperity and happiness to the Country. The Legion could have done that, but had it followed that course it would for the first time as he says have been of disservice to the Country."

The Baltimore *Sun* was kind enough to say of the Fourth of July statement of the Legion's position that it "will do more to persuade the public to join in the demand for a square deal for those veterans who have honest claims upon the Government than any amount of denunciation of the American people as 'ungrateful' to those who bore the brunt of the war." Continuing, the *Sun* says:

"To veterans who demand an angry attack on the Administration, the commander of the Legion says he 'is not going to bite off his nose to spite the President's face.' He makes no denial that former pension laws were too liberal, imposing 'injustices upon taxpayers by giving compensation to veterans who were not disabled.' Instead of obstinately standing in the path of the Government's economy program the wiser procedure was adopted

of going along with it in the hope that, with presentation of proof that some of the regulations wrought unanticipated hardships upon deserving veterans, the President would be fair and just. As proof that this was wise policy, corrections are now under way in the administration of the last pension law.

"When an ex-soldier shows that he can see the Government's and the taxpayer's side of the case, as well as that of his comrades, he will be listened to. And when he speaks of the regulations 'imposing unthinkable injustices on maimed, crippled and disheartened men' he need not fear that the taxpayer will not be ready and willing to bear whatever outlay is necessary to meet just demands of service-connected disability cases. It was, in part, to maintain financial ability to do so that the fight was waged to get off the pension rolls those who did not belong upon it."

Every Legionnaire became familiar some months back with the noisy activities of an "economy" organization which seemed to think that the only economy that needed to be effected was in veteran appropriations. Veteran appropriations were cut—and the "economy" organization became (Continued on page 60)

# THAT OUNCE *of* PREVENTION



Off for a short hike and happy to go—sunuits are standard equipment at the Legionville Preventorium

OVER in the southern part of Kansas, nestled among the farms that line the highway from Independence to Coffeyville, is a billet wherein tiny soldiers are fighting—and winning—a real war. No guns popping on that Western Front—the enemy is shot at with the ammunition of rest, diet, exercise and sunshine. The troopers are little tikes, six to twelve years old, and the big, bad enemy is that scourge of the ages, the scourge that a militant civilization holding aloft the torch of modern medical science is determined to wipe off the map—tuberculosis.

This Kansas billet, called the Legionville Preventorium, is proving to the country at large the truth of the old saying about an ounce of prevention being worth a pound of cure. They average handling about a hundred "recruits" a year, all of them tuberculosis "contacts" or "suspects," and when these children go back to their homes they have definitely won the first rounds of the battle with the white plague and are equipped to carry on, under normal conditions, to the end.

Watch them through a day's routine, from rolling out of their bunks with the dawn to Taps at evening time. You'll have to step lively to keep up, but it's lots of fun, from the early morning toothbrush drill until the story hour as the dark creeps in. You'll learn a lot about the care and feeding of children, whether they're yours and perfectly healthy or some one else's and having to put up a fight for health.

*by*  
*Orland Kay Armstrong*

But let's take a look over the premises while the children are lying in rows on their tummies absorbing some Kansas sunshine during the official sunbath hour.

You're in the middle of a fine farm of 388 acres, with two main buildings, one of stone and the other of brick, which house the children and the staff of the Preventorium; there's a modern cottage for the farm manager, and a huge dairy barn, milk house and other necessary farming equipment; a big water tower, bearing the proud insignia, side by side, of The American Legion and the Kansas Tuberculosis and Health Association; almost limitless playground space, with proper paraphernalia for fun and frolic; a wading pool, and a lake. And the whole bathed in the fresh air and sunshine of the big open spaces.

Back in 1922, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Dabney, pioneer residents of Independence, offered this farm with their home and buildings upon it to the Kansas Department of The American Legion, to be used as a memorial to their two sons, Earl and Charles Dabney, veterans of the World War who had both died shortly after their return from the service. The farm was given on condition that the Legion raise the sum of \$100,000 in cash, devote \$40,000 of this to the immediate and permanent improvement of the place, and equip it for the maintenance of an orphanage for children of World War veterans. The Kansas Department, from its members and friends, raised the \$100,000 and accepted the place in November, 1924.

Ground was broken for the first building of the Legion billet by National Commander James A. Drain. The first building, designed to accommodate twenty children, was formally opened and dedicated by National Commander Alvin Owsley, now United States Minister to Roumania, in September, 1925. The

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**They Come to the Preventorium of the Legion's Kansas Department, the Youngsters Who are Threatened with Tuberculosis in One Form or Another, and Through Rest, Proper Food, Sunshine and Exercise Build Their Bodies Back to Health**

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second building, for sixteen children, was completed in 1928.

From 1925 until December 31, 1930, Legionville belonged to and was supervised by the national organization of The American Legion. Experience in the problems of child welfare work demonstrated to the national organization that its limited funds for child care would go further and produce better results if devoted



Play is of course one of the most important things in the daily round. Here is a group of youngsters satisfying the normal urge to play Indian

to the task of holding families together and aiding broken families to carry on. In keeping with this idea, Donald W. Stewart of Independence, who was placed in charge of the institution in 1928 and has been serving as Kansas Department Commander for 1933, secured the co-operation of the Kansas Tuberculosis and Health Association in putting Legionville to increased service. The Association agreed to maintain summer health camps for undernourished children. Twenty-five children were cared for during that summer of 1929, and thirty-six the next summer.

The next step was to put Legionville to the best possible permanent use, in keeping with the intent of its donor. Both the Kansas Department of The American Legion and the Tuberculosis and Health Association felt there was need for a year-round health camp and tuberculosis preventorium. On January 1, 1931, the national organization returned to the Kansas Department the ownership of Legionville. The American Legion Auxiliary of Kansas joined forces with the Legion, and together they entered into an agreement with the association to provide for joint year-round operation of the Preventorium.

A corporation was organized, known as the Legionville Preventorium Association, governed by a board of directors, representing The American Legion, The American Legion Auxiliary, the Tuberculosis and Health Association, and the public at large. The institution is financed jointly by the three organizations. The American Legion contributes the grounds, buildings and equipment, and has expended more than \$2,000 in added improvements. About \$800 a year additional will be spent by the Legion for maintenance work. The Tuberculosis Association, as its major contribution to the enterprise, is supplying to the Preventorium its manage-

ment and supervision, and paying the salaries of the trained personnel. The actual operating expenses of the institution exclusive of the maintenance of the buildings and the salaries of the personnel are taken from Preventorium funds, contributed half by the association and the other half jointly by the Legion and the Auxiliary.

"Just a good example of The American Legion and the Auxiliary following the policy of utilizing existing agencies to help us in our child welfare projects," Commander Stewart points out. "We realize that the Kansas Tuberculosis and Health Association

people are experts in their line. We've simply called them to join hands with us to do a worth-while job."

Measured by results, the job is indeed worth while. And it's just getting started. Every child admitted to the Preventorium represents the ounce of prevention that saves the inevitable heavy costs, in money, time and lives where prevention has been neglected. To the association has been given the task both of selecting the children to be sent to Legionville and of caring for them while at the billet. Children who have come in contact with tuberculosis through the family or otherwise, or have developed tubercular tendencies, or those whose weakened bodily condition makes them likely prey to the dread disease, throughout the Department of Kansas are sought out and sent to Legionville. Doctors and nurses of the association and county health nurses assume most of the responsibility.

The Kansas association itself maintains trained field workers, carries on a splendid educational program, and conducts clinics. Children selected are those whose parents are unable to give them proper treatment and care. They are given a thorough medical examination to ascertain that it is not too late to apply (Continued on page 40)



A picture for the folks back home. Newly-arrived twins face the camera with Miss Juanita Woodburn, Superintendent of the Preventorium

# *The* GOLDEN FLEECE

By  
*Richard Giles*

*Illustrations by  
Remington Schuyler*

**R**EGISTER."

The hotel clerk shoves a greasy tome across the counter, salvages a battered and nibbled pen from the tray of toothpicks, and scorning any attempt at subterfuge, leans forward on his elbow eager to see what name the stranger in the gray suit is about to inscribe.

"J. T. Henry, Wichita, Kansas." Ah! So you're from the East, Mr. Henry! Going to be with us long?"

"Depends on how I find things."

"Oh, sure."

The clerk favors the gentleman from Wichita with a knowing wink, signals old Ben Toomey who between drunks serves the hotel as bell boy in return for his meal ticket, and watches the progress of the two up the staircase which still shows through its dirt and years of neglect, traces of the rococo, gilded curlicues it broke out with in the Boom Days of twenty years back.

Immediately, and by what prearranged signal only a desert dweller could tell you, from lounging places on the porch steps, from the pool room, from the sagging, cavernous, greasy leather chairs about the lobby, a dozen men emerge and stroll up to the clerk's desk.

Nobody asks anything. Nobody has to. The clerk, twirling a toothpick with the air of one who has completed a big stroke of business, and can therefore afford to rest and contemplate his achievement, says with an attempt at offhandedness: "Big man from back East. Name of Henry."

Old Ben appears.

"Heaviest bag I've packed round here since the big days of the Florence," he offers, and makes for one of the automatic gambling machines to insert a dime.

The silent group about the hotel desk exchange long and meaning glances. "From back East," those looks say. "A live one!" Belts are hitched a hole tighter, shoulders are straightened, the crowd, still elaborately impersonal, drifts down the hotel steps and two ways down the street.

Fifteen minutes later, over at the club where a poker game goes on continuously, as though to invite Fortune, Jake Winslow, who has been offering certificates of shares in the Goldfield Deep Mine in lieu of blue chips, flings a bundle on the board with a laconic: "Count 'em for red, now. There's a buyer in sight."



By the time the sun goes down over Silver Peak, and the eerie chill that hides itself God knows where in the desert by day comes creeping over the waste of sage brush and Joshua trees and livid nothingness, there isn't a coyote west of the Reveilles but has sniffed it on the wind that one more Jason has come out of the East, and that the Brothers of the Golden Fleece are preparing to land him for a sucker.

Meanwhile, up in room 67, behind the red plush curtains which

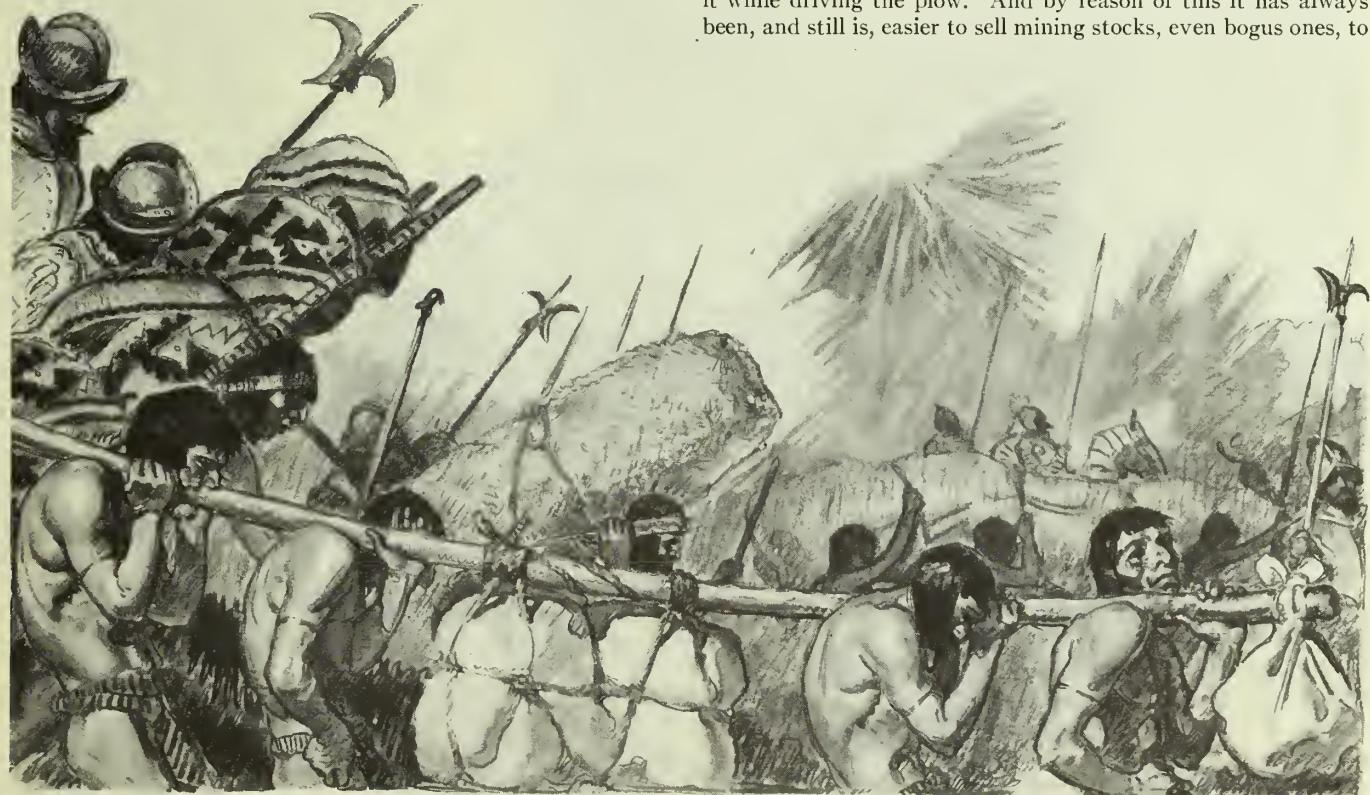
## In Almost Every Abandoned Town Built Around Mines That Once Yielded Fabulous Amounts of Gold and Silver, Hopeful Groups of Old Timers Keep Working, Hoping for a New Strike

are one more relic of the days gone but not forgotten when the earth beneath the town was heaving up dollars, Mr. James Thomas Henry of Wichita unpacks from his bag six copies of The Parents' Encyclopedia, bound in full calf, and begins to study the publishers' manual "How to Sell Forcefully."

Mr. James Thomas Henry has some surprises in store for him. Once he descends to the public lying in wait below stairs, and before he can clear his throat and start in on his nice, improving little talk about the value of education and how to help the little ones acquire it, he is going to have offered to him the prettiest array of opportunities for making a fortune over night, "leads" that would make old Coronado leap from his grave, and inside information on properties which, if only these are crossed with the hard earned silver in Mr. Henry's savings bank account back in Wichita, will yield fabulous returns.

As for the author of "How to Sell Forcefully," he's still in the piker class. If that gentleman really wants to get wise to the fine art of separating a man from his money, let him take the next train for the land of America's last great mining boom, and once there let him keep from buying the prospects, the half, quarter and one-tenth interests in prospects, above all the stock in mines going, going not so good, and gone beyond redemption that will be offered to him by everyone he meets. If he boards his train for the East without leaving more than a quarter of his hard earned cash irretrievably entangled in the meshes of that glittering, golden fleece, and if forever after he can contentedly invest in preferred stocks and in solidly guaranteed mortgages paying five and one-half percent, and resist the lure of various gold, silver, copper and cinnabar mines with names a Pullman car might envy, then that old Greek guy who filled his ears with wax and

**"The chase after the almighty dollar originated in Europe. It was brought to this country in the saddle bags of the conquistadors"**



sailed serenely by the sirens can step down from his niche in the Hall of Fame, can fold up his laurel wreath and pass on into the discard. He's outclassed.

**B**Y LAW, lotteries, sweepstakes and games of chance operated on a big scale are prohibited to the people of these United States, along with a few other things. But the American public has bootlegged for itself a game worth ten of these. What, for example, is a ticket on a single horse compared with an elegantly engraved square of paper which promises the holder all that Coronado struggled over two thousand miles of desert to attain—the Seven Cities of Cibola, the houses of which were of gold and turquoise and sapphires? What bookie has the genius to create for his patrons the vision of a lake of pure gold, lying just under the surface rock, a lake in which the happy possessor of a few of those nicely printed certificates may dip and dip and rise as well coated with the precious metal as was the far famed Golden King of the Aztecs?

The road to fortune via these glittering possibilities has an attraction for most of us far beyond that offered by solid industries or public utilities. There's scarcely a reliable, stay-at-home, close-to-the-office-by-day, and close-to-the-family-radio-by-night sort of chap who doesn't feel a hankering for the possession of several hundred shares in Jason Inc., owners of the Midas Mine.

Perhaps it's in the blood of America, this fever for finding fortune in the earth. The first century and a quarter of our history was one gigantic boom in which the golden bowls and platters of the Gran Quivira, the wealth of Montezuma, rainbows of jewels and fountains of eternal youth drew men to our shores. The chase after the almighty dollar originated in Europe. It was brought to this country in the saddle bags of the conquistadors.

But oddly—or perhaps, not so oddly, since it is by just such ideas deeply planted, that the destinies of nations set their course—the fever, the expectation, the vision of great wealth buried in the earth waiting to be turned up, the lure of treasure trove, has stayed with us. Puritan and industrial New England has not been able to resist it. The agricultural Middle West dreamed of it while driving the plow. And by reason of this it has always been, and still is, easier to sell mining stocks, even bogus ones, to

the proverbially shrewd and hard headed American people, than shares in railroads, industrials and utilities.

Of course, one reason why the vision continues to hold its enchantment is that every so often this country undergoes another big mining boom. In '49, when word reached the East of the discovery of gold in California and the rush to the West Coast began, the old story of El Dorado, the Golden King, didn't seem such a pipe dream. The lake of gold in which he was said to bathe each day seemed likely to come to the surface. In '61, when one of the ponies ridden across Nevada in the historic Pony Express stumbled and loosed a clod of earth and rock which showed a high percentage of silver, the ebb tide of the California big days rose over night and poured over into the Nevada deserts around the present town of Austin. "Hell breaking loose in

Georgia," writes J. Frank Dobie, in "Coronado's Children," "was nothing compared with the stampede that California made to the Reese River district."

Thirty years and more later, after a showing in Colorado, Fortune lit on the Yukon. The Klondike rush, and the reports that filtered back from the far north—reports of sacks of dust that sank the dog sleds through the ice out of sight, gilded the legend of El Dorado afresh. America began to use the word "billion," and really to believe in her own golden destiny.

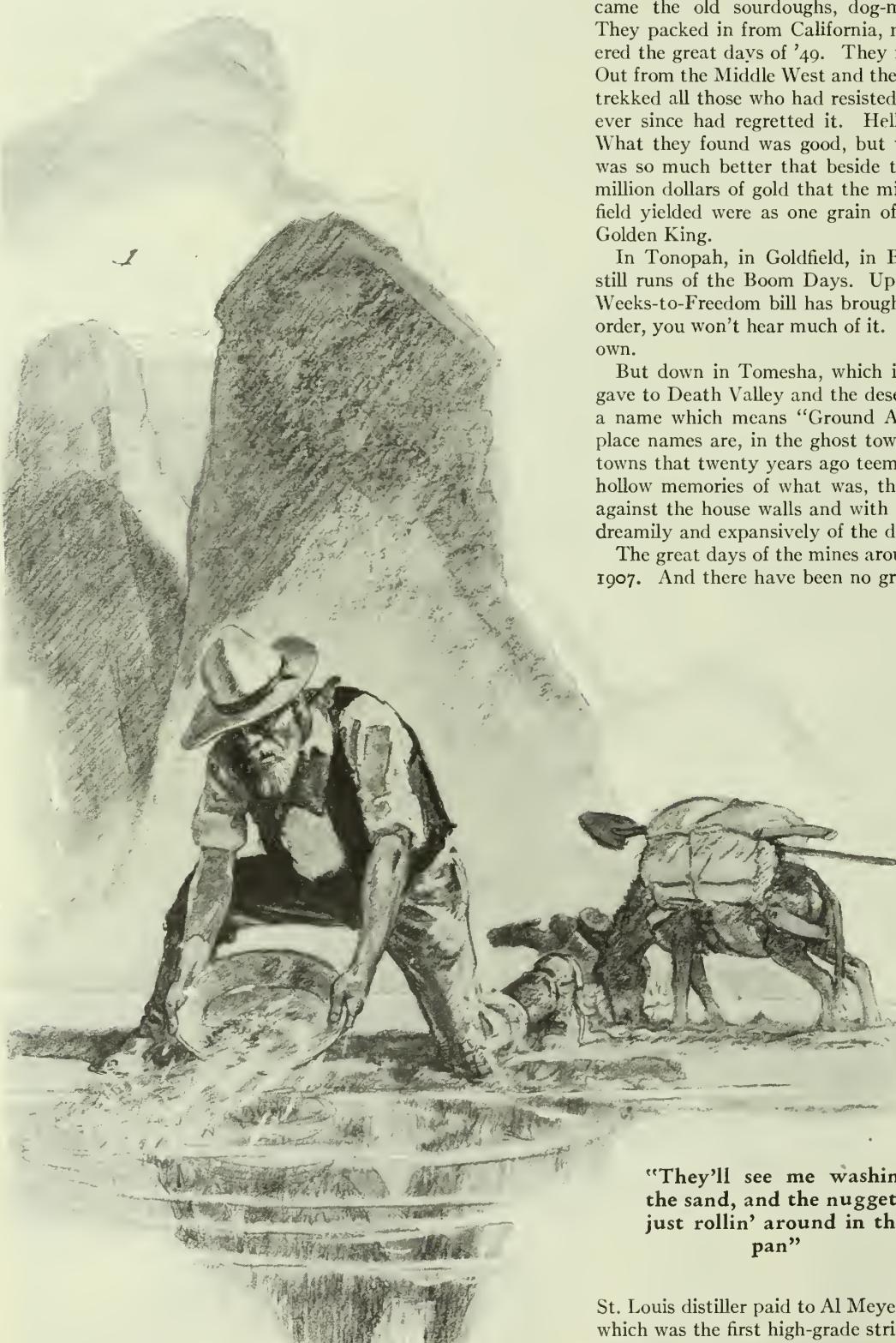
And then, as though to give an extra fillip to this greatest game of chance a gambling world has ever known, just as the Klondike fields were beginning to play out, prospectors left over from that Nevada rush of the sixties struck gold in the desert.

The hullabaloo started all over again. Down from Alaska came the old sourdoughs, dog-men no more, but burro-men. They packed in from California, men whose fathers had weathered the great days of '49. They rushed on from Cripple Creek. Out from the Middle West and the States of the eastern seaboard trekked all those who had resisted the lure of the Klondike and ever since had regretted it. Hell-bent for fortune, they were. What they found was good, but what they dreamed of finding was so much better that beside those dreams the one hundred million dollars of gold that the mines around the town of Goldfield yielded were as one grain of the dust on the body of the Golden King.

In Tonopah, in Goldfield, in Beatty, in Las Vegas, the talk still runs of the Boom Days. Up in Reno where Nevada's Six-Weeks-to-Freedom bill has brought in prospectors of a different order, you won't hear much of it. Reno is having a boom all her own.

But down in Tomesha, which is the name the Piute Indians gave to Death Valley and the desert lands along its eastern rim, a name which means "Ground Afire," and is truer than most place names are, in the ghost towns along the Amagossa River, towns that twenty years ago teemed with life, but are now only hollow memories of what was, there men tilt their chairs back against the house walls and with their eyes on the desert speak dreamily and expansively of the days of the Great Boom.

The great days of the mines around Goldfield were in 1906 and 1907. And there have been no greater. Those first prospectors who struck gold and gathered into their bandanas lumps of ore so rich that the stuff stood out on the rock like beads realized their profits right away. Most of them sold out their holdings for spot cash. They were able to. America had grown wise on Colorado and the Klondike. American business men descended upon that first town of tents that sprang up around the big strike and check book in hand, made their bids to enter the game. For the average sourdough this was heaven. He struck, he sold, he retired to make whoopee. There are still to be seen, framed and hung over the bars in Goldfield, facsimiles of the checks for four hundred thousand dollars which a



"They'll see me washin'  
the sand, and the nuggets  
just rollin' around in the  
pan"

St. Louis distiller paid to Al Meyers for his share in the Mohawk, which was the first high-grade strike made at Goldfield, Nevada. Meyers, true to, if unconscious of, the (Continued on page 46)

# A LATCHSTRING OUT *in* PARIS

*By Bernhard Ragner*

LEGIONNAIRES who visited the graphic pictorial representation of the World War known as the Panthéon de la Guerre in Paris in 1919 will be interested to know that this celebrated exhibit, sponsored by Pershing Hall, is being shown at the Century of Progress Exposition in Chicago and will, of course, continue to be on exhibition throughout the Legion's National Convention. Pershing Hall was founded as a result of the action of the National Convention of the Legion in Paris in 1927. It is headquarters of Paris Post and of the Department of France and maintains open house for all Legionnaires visiting Paris.

AS FAR back as Emerson, American visitors have remarked that Main Street, after crossing the ocean, runs straight through Paris. Superficial observers have mistakenly interpreted this as a criticism, but rightly understood, this piquant epigram is a real compliment. Certainly, the better aspects of Main Street (not the literary distortion or fictional caricature) have come to Paris, and are given practical, helpful and significant expression in Pershing Hall, that Parisian epitome of what is best in American life.

Set down at 49 Rue Pierre Charron, only two minutes' walk from the Champs Elysées, this memorial to the A. E. F. is a vibrant incarnation of Americanism, for it honors the dead by serving the living. A social center and a war museum are combined in this tiny but representative fraction of American soil magically (it seems) transplanted to the beautiful capital of France. It is a unique fusion of the practical, artistic and sentimental.

Europe is dotted with splendid American institutions: Churches, clubs, chambers of commerce, schools, hospitals, libraries. All of them, I am convinced, do a good American job—for America; but each one by its very nature is restricted to a specific mission, and so represents only a segment or two of American endeavor. Pershing Hall, on the contrary, is all-inclusive and all-American, embracing the entire circle. It comprises all of America's achievements and aspirations—cultural and patriotic, social and civic, for nothing that is American is foreign to Pershing Hall. As a matter of fact, it is the only non-diplomatic and unofficial parcel of United States territory abroad, and yet distinctly national, which exemplifies our country as a whole.

How so much of America—so much that is typical, consequen-



Notable visitors at Pershing Hall prior to its dedication on Armistice Day, 1931. In the front row on the balcony, left to right, are Francois Latour, Mayor of Paris; the late Paul Doumer, then President of the French Republic; Ambassador Walter E. Edge, and Francis E. Drake, President of Pershing Hall

tial, and intrinsically worth-while—could be thus assembled, brought to France, and then be compressed into such a brief compass is a marvel which astonishes even the sponsors of Pershing Hall. How did it come about? Who performed the miracle?

Some mythical giant from a modern Brobdingnag, it seems, provided the substantial and picturesque raw materials required; he found them, doubtless, in an enormous (Continued on page 48)

# WHEREVER there

By Frederick

SAGAMORE HILL Nov 14<sup>th</sup> 1913

Mr. Frederick Palmer has seen more war than any other American war writer. To all the exceptional opportunity for observation he has added a regular exceptional power of observation, and of understanding appreciation of what he has observed. No other observer has had such a chance to see what has gone on along the battle fronts of the English and French armies, and the inside workings of the forces within the two nations, and find their final expression in the valor and efficiency and suffering of the great armies at the front. Mr. Palmer is an American whose

Theodore Roosevelt's testimony, before we got into the war, that even then Frederick Palmer had "seen more war than any other American writer" and "more than any American officer or soldier"

**H**OW many wars have you seen?" I am often asked. The answer depends upon the point of view. Varying points of view have spiced all the human shows I have seen from pole to pole. And the answer also depends upon how extensive and intensive a killing—international, fratricidal, or suicidal—must be in order to be called a war.

Other wars seemed small after the Russo-Japanese War, and that seemed small after the World War. That little Central American "general" with whom I hobnobbed before the World War commanded only two hundred ragged, barefooted insurgents, but he had his point of view no less than the commanders of the vast hosts in the titanic struggle of 1914-18. His war was just as important to him as theirs to Hindenburg, Foch, and Pershing. According to his idea of what constituted a battle he had been in fifty battles.

whole-hearted devotion and allegiance are given to the old states, and to wishes to put before his fellow countrymen the lessons taught by the great world-war, which it is vitally necessary for them to learn. He can show us, if we wish to preserve peace on a basis worth considering by honorable men, we must as a nation in a courageous fashion prepare against war.

Mr. Palmer knows modern war by actual experience; he has seen more modern warfare than any American officer or soldier; his peculiar relations to the present war render his views literally invaluable from the standpoint of those who wish to see over the fury, sentinel, writ in blood, and steel across the continent of Europe.

Theodore Roosevelt

THE Outbreak of the World War Made Every War of the Preceding Decade Seem Tiny. But Frederick Palmer Saw Plenty of Real Battles, in Various Parts of the World, During That "Quiet" Period. And More Than Battles. He Was on Hand to Watch San Francisco Emerge from the Ruins and Accompanied the Fleet on Its World Cruise under "Fighting Bob" Evans

"I promoted myself to be a general, and confirmed myself," he said. "Your European and American officers wait their turn for promotion at the hands of presidents and kings. The government gives them their armies and declares war for them. They don't have much to say about it. But, look at me! As a professional revolutionist I gather an army and start a war. Other generals cannot quit or make war until they are told to. When I want to quit, I quit. When I want another war, I make one."

"How do you like to fight the Marines?" I asked. "When they come, I rest up until your government calls them home," he replied. "Then it's the open season again."

In the range of my activities, between the Russo-Japanese and the World wars, it was a long way from the Central American jungle to the hot sands that border the Red Sea, where I got the point of view of a coal black, giant Somali warrior who had been the only survivor of a group of savage Fuzzy



War Correspondent Palmer and his sure-footed conveyance to a front-row seat in a Central American revolution. Time, 1908

# Was a FIGHT

Palmer

Wuzzies who recklessly charged a British machine gun.

"Who was braver?" he asked. "The British soldier behind his death machine or we sons of Allah who charged into the bullets with only our spears? Did they believe in their god as we believe in Allah? No. We were the real fighting men."

Not only was I meeting all the kinds of soldiers in the world but the world's potentates, princes, kings, famous statesmen and adventurers, of the Asiatic, European and home brands. It was a far cry from Porfirio Diaz, dictator of Mexico, to Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey. Diaz had as absolute power as the Sultan. Half Indian, Diaz, whose iron hand, in his valiant, two-fisted youth, had organized his iron men—many of them former brigands—of the Rurales, national police, which had made him the master of an orderly Mexico for thirty years. He welcomed American capital to railroads and mines.



In Central American revolutions, it seems, everybody gets a gun and a cap, but no shoes



A Bulgarian casualty of the First Balkan War

And here I will say something about the ethics of the career which fate set for me. The part of a reporter is to find the truth and tell the truth. He must resist opportunities for money-making at the expense of the truth. His duty is to his readers, and so to his country no less than if he has taken an oath as a soldier. And that means that he must not only be honest-minded but know how to separate guff from reality. Hungry and footsore, I have kept on a clue until I thought that at last I had the facts right.

No sooner was I in Mexico than I was approached by the unctuous minions of government propaganda. They offered me free railroad travel, the hospitality of cabinet ministers' private cars, and agreeable official conduct on my journeys. But truth may be handicapped when it puts itself under such obligations in a foreign country, as well as at home. I had an expense allowance from my newspaper, which meant it was from my readers. I would pay my own way, choose my routes, in order to see for myself. Officialdom became suspicious of me. It was thought that I was on a critical, even a sinister mission. That was no new experience. It was one of the penalties of trying to tell the truth, and to be fair to all hands.

In the castle of Chapultepec—"Montezuma's halls" of the Marine song—the venerable Diaz sat erect in a high-backed chair while he talked to me. It was the pose of age striving by sheer will to keep youth's now empty shell from cracking. Only an occasional flash from his beady-black Indian eyes recalled the vigor of the past. He was a parchment-covered image of dying prestige on top of a rumbling volcano, while he listened to the tales of flatterers and time-servers whom his iron hand, in the heyday of his active career, would have brushed swiftly aside.

It was said that, in due course, he would appoint a successor who would continue the dictatorship along the lines he had set. There was a burst of local indignation when I wrote that the battle royal of ambitious chieftains for his place would bring chaos. It was hardly more than a year when Diaz was a refugee in Paris and the epoch of revolution and counter-revolution had begun. So I was honored as a prophet when I had shown only the foresight of a diligent reporter who sees for himself instead of swallowing propagandic dope with propagandic banquets.

Later, when I was with a revolutionary army before the gates of the Sultan's palace in Constantinople, I was present at an upset which was as astonishing to the world as the downfall of Diaz. It seemed

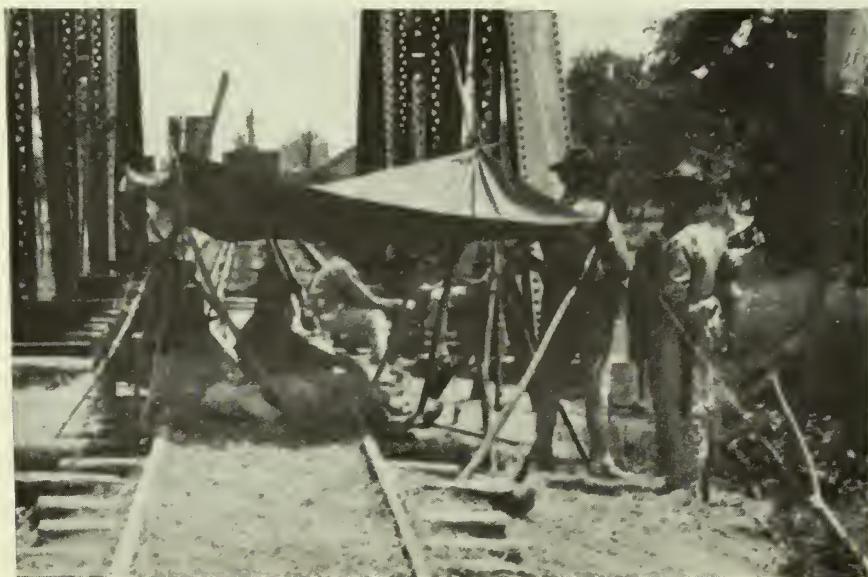
only yesterday when I had seen the autocrat of Turkey, Grand Padishah, religious head of two hundred million Mohammedans, flanked by the gold braid of his officers and the turbans and fezzes of pashas and sheiks, as he went in solemn pomp to the mosque for prayers. His position seemed as secure, then, as that of Pike's Peak, his power of life and death over his subjects an eternal tradition. Now, Enver Pasha, snappy young Turkish officer, not yet thirty, trained in military tactics in Germany, told the Sultan he would have to vacate the throne of his ancestors. Youth was served again. Force was supreme.

All the rule that was left to Abdul Hamid was that of the women of his harem, and only a squad instead of battalions, at that. I was disappointed that I did not get to see his harem. I had bad luck about harems in Turkey. The only one I ever saw was that of a second rate *bey*, and the women were old, not a single youthful *houri*. For Mohammedan polygamy had its drab side and economic disadvantages. According to Allah's precepts, a rich and powerful Turk must take in indigent great aunts and grandmothers, and other women in the community who had no home, to share board and lodging with the latest specimens of pulchritude that caught his fancy.

One of Enver's first acts, I remember, was to remove to an island all the filthy, mangy, scavenger dogs from the streets of Constantinople. To have killed them would have been too great an offense to native susceptibilities which considered them almost a sacred institution. On the island the dogs kept up their raging

# DO NOT INTERFERE WITH THIS MAN

## Employee of General Food Committee



GOVERNOR'S OFFICE  
Oakland

PERMANENT PASS

PASS MR. *Fred Palmer (Press)* April 23, 1906  
through the lines in SAN FRANCISCO.

By order of GEO. C. PARDEE,

Attest:

GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA  
*J. B. Black*  
Adj. Gen. of Cal.

Covering the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 wasn't unlike covering a war. The military took command of the situation

howls, as they devoured one another, while the old Sultan retired to exile with the chosen few of his harem.

This new era led the way to Kemel Pasha and the modernization of Turkey, and to Turkish women appearing in public without their veils. How scandalized Allah must be if he looks down upon a Miss Turkey in very abbreviated costume before the judges of an international beauty contest!

In this age of changes, what changes in customs and manners and politics I have seen! How much history in the making! What triumphs of nations in victory and torments! For what vain illusions I have seen men die! I have seen laughter rollicking down the vale of tears and laughter's throat choked with horror! How many great reputations have risen and then been blasted!

As a boy I heard people talk how that erratic young Kaiser might bring war to Europe by some rash act. The young Kaiser who is now the old exile at Doorn! The Kaiser in his golden helmet on grand occasions as the All Highest surrounded by his generals; the dashing figure, with his upturned moustache ends, as I saw him from one of our battleships at Kiel! A saddle maker took his place at the head of the German nation.

The man whom I remember as a tall awkward Prince became Albert, the hero King of the Belgians. The then unknown Professor Foch, who was pointed out to me as so learned in tactics, became the generalissimo of the Allied armies. When I saw aces in aerial combat in France I recalled how I had watched Wilbur Wright tinkering with his first plane. And Professor Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, and Herbert Hoover, whom I knew in the Boxer Rebellion, became Presidents of the United States. No one guessed the glamorous career before Theodore Roosevelt when I met him as the strenuous Police Commissioner of New York.

And what building and what construction as well as destruction I have seen! What achievements! Europeans, who used to

make fun of our poor roads, may now see an America webbed with the finest highways in the world. Great ships now rise in the mighty locks and steam through the great cut on the Isthmus of Panama, which I walked across in the days when we were discussing the undertaking of an American inter-oceanic canal.

Later, in the same year, I rode muleback through Central America and then accompanied the famous Rooseveltian battleship cruise. *Tortillas* and *frijoles*, gritty with dust, and Central American inns, were not so regaling as messing with the Navy. President Roosevelt decided to send all our battleships on a "good will" tour around South America and then across the Pacific

American soldiers guarding a railroad in Vera Cruz during the outbreak of 1914 that very nearly involved us in war with Mexico

to Australia and Japan. We would get a lot of drill and "show the world." There were hints that relations with Japan were very critical, and even rumors there might be war.

Our bluejackets—not yet called gobs—had more tourist fun on that cruise than in submarine chasing in the World War. Famous "Fighting Bob Evans" was in command. His indomitable spirit flamed though he was confined to his cabin by the ailment that was to cause his death. "Better today!" he kept repeating, and "better" his doctor echoed, defying the inevitable.

Fighting Bob never mumbled his words. He told the crews that he would give all hands leave in Rio Janeiro, and if they behaved themselves they would get leaves in the other ports. If they got "drunk and raised hell" they would not. It was up to them as seamen and citizens who were expected to make a good impression on our South American neighbors. When a man evidently had had one drink too many, two or three others would take him in charge and see him back to the ship with a "you aren't going to rob us of our leave in the next port."

I remember how we all thought that we would get nice fresh Brazil nuts on their home heath in Rio. But not one was to be bought. It wasn't the season, and Brazil nuts do not grow in that part of Brazil.



Kitchener of Khartoum wanted no correspondents sending back dispatches from the British armies in France. But Palmer convinced him their presence there would keep up the morale of the folks back home

Very vivid in my recollection is the bullfight in Lima, Peru. The best matadors and the most savage bulls had been chosen to provide a free show for the sailor men of the "great sister republic of the North," who were all in their summer uniforms.

When the first bull appeared in the ring the tiers of seats of the

PRESS CORRESPONDENTS' LICENCE\*

—12—

Number of licence

The bearer M. Frederick Palmer is permitted to proceed to the base of the British Force operating on the Continent in the capacity of Press correspondent, subject to the provisions contained in the "Regulations for Press Correspondents accompanying a Force in the Field."

M. Frederick Palmer is authorised to act as the representative of the Press of the United States of America.

Joint Committee of War Office and Press Representatives.

War Office. 23 Feby 1915 1914

Place: General Headquarters  
Date: 15 March 1915

(Counter-signed) General Headquarters  
Secretary Chief Field Officer  
M. Frederick Palmer

\* This licence, except in so far as it authorizes the bearer to proceed to the base, is ineffectual until it has been countersigned by the chief field censor accompanying General Headquarters in the field.

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PTO

When Palmer became sole representative of the newspapers of the United States with the British

huge amphitheatre were solid banks of sailor white. But, gradually, the seats were being emptied. The Peruvian master of ceremonies concluded that the performance was not fast enough for the impatient *Americanos*. So he speeded up action without tiring the bulls enough before the final stroke.

One matador was tossed out of the ring, another badly gored. Still the *Americanos* were turning their backs and sauntering up the aisles. Bull fighting was not to the taste of our sailor men. As one said: "It's done quicker and more mercifully at the stockyards in Chicago." But if it had been a baseball match or a boxing bout for the championship of the fleet, all would have been there to the end. That point of view!

And in the period between the Russo-Japanese War and the World War I was in the Balkans again—this time for real war, that when the Bulgars, Serbs, and Greeks united to attack their old master the Turk. No fighting in the World War was bloodier than that at Lule Burgas when the Bulgarians sought retribution for their ancestors' woes without counting the cost of life, as their charges drove the ancient enemy back.

A primitive, muddy, filthy, drab business, in rain or under leaden skies—about as disagreeable a war as I ever experienced. Only the weapons were modern. All the other equipment was as archaic as in Biblical times. Piles of black bread in ox carts, and flocks of sheep which were slaughtered in the field, fed the army. Empty ox carts brought back the wounded over the bumps and through the sloughs. Delousing was by hand. I recall rows of whiskery Bulgar soldiers, barebacked in the chill wind, their undershirts held close to their eyes in intensive concentration, as they picked, picked, picked, nabbing the cooties one by one.

If ever a people were unlucky in war, it was the Bulgars. The fresh Rumanian army jumped them in their exhaustion, after their victory over the Turks, and the Greeks had a turn at them—all in the manner of the gouging Balkan game. And, finally, Bulgaria got on the wrong side in the World War. However bravely they fought, it was "heads you win and tails I lose" for the Bulgars.

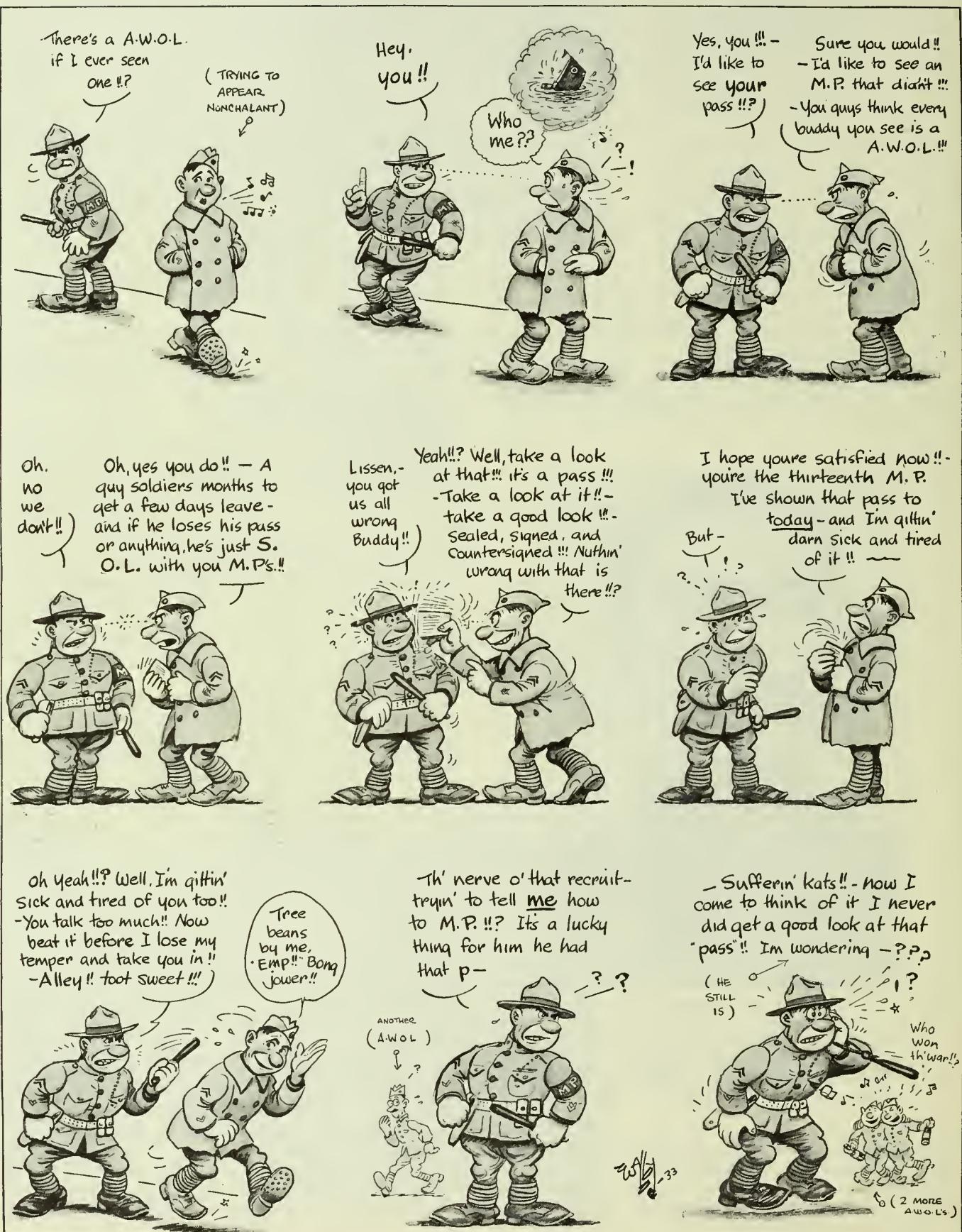
And then I was in Mexico again, this time with our own sailors, soldiers and marines. Early in 1914, when the world was not yet war-staled by the World War, broadside headlines announced an action which seemed certain to lead to war with Mexico, as the only solution of the protracted chaos in Mexico after Diaz's downfall.

Huerta had become president through alleged complicity in the assassination of President Madero. President Woodrow Wilson would have none of Huerta. He would put him out and teach Mexico a lesson. Under the fire of our navy guns our sailors and marines occupied Vera Cruz, where General Winfield Scott had landed for his march to Mexico City (Continued on page 54)

# THE BEST DEFENSE IS TO ATTACK

One Answer to the Question, *What Makes the M. P. Wild?*

By Wallgren



# OFF AGAIN, BACK AGAIN

by  
*The Old Timer*

NEARLY thirty years ago when the present writer was employed as a printer's apprentice there used to come from up in Kansas to the exchange table of the *Enid (Oklahoma) Events* a newspaper called, then as now, the *Topeka Capital*. Its running accounts of the fortunes of the baseball clubs of the Western League provided nourishment for the unspoken ambition that possibly I, too, might some day catch for Wichita. Had not Abraham Lincoln risen from obscurity to almost equal heights?

There was a sports writer on the *Capital* named Jay E. House and the next thing I knew was that the seductive quality of his style had kindled in my breast conflicting ambitions. The question was whether to try to play baseball such as House described, or to try to write as House wrote. Now Mr. House was not simply a baseball writer. He conducted a column on the editorial page called "On Second Thought," a column which he still writes—for the *New York Evening Post* and other metropolitan journals. As I went on up through school in Oklahoma Jay E. House became a famous man in Kansas. He was elected mayor of Topeka, but he still wrote baseball for the *Capital*. To me that was Greatness with its feet on the ground.

Thirty years make a lot of difference, though certain factors in this mundane scheme remain fairly constant. The Kansas boy of this current generation still finds his imagination stirred by the spectacle of Greatness that has not lost the common touch. He sees Dyke O'Neil of Topeka in the football stands yelling his head off. He sees Dyke O'Neil at a Western League baseball game so absorbed in the play that a French seventy-five could be fired in the seat behind him and he wouldn't bat an eye. He sees Dyke O'Neil playing golf at the Topeka Country Club—and discreditable golf it is for an old college and semi-professional athlete—sees him hunting and fishing with his own two boys and concludes that a man may be a leader of the Kansas bar, a factor in the business, financial and public life of his State, one of the exclusive coterie that directs the affairs of the Democratic party, a Past National Commander of The American Legion, and yet, for all working and practical purposes, remain human. It is enough to give a lad some faith in the outcome of his own destiny.

At Detroit in 1931 Ralph Thomas O'Neil inducted into office his successor as head of the Legion and took a sleeper for Topeka to pick up the threads of his law business where he had left them a year before. Such was the end of Counselor O'Neil's second considerable vacation from the practice of his profession. The first vacation had started in 1917, interrupting a truly unusual and varied career.

In 1913 Dyke had come home from Harvard Law School to Osage City, Kansas. In 1914 he ran for County Attorney on the Democratic ticket, broke through the enormous Republican majorities that are among the distinguishing characteristics of Osage County politics, and was elected. In 1916 he was re-elected and greater things in a public way seemed in store for the young prosecutor when he resigned, and with his boyhood chum, Bob



HARRIS AND EWING

Ralph O'Neil is back among the Kansas home-folk from his third venture in far places since he began the practice of law. The first, in 1917, took him to France. The second, in 1930, began with his election as National Commander of The American Legion. And last year he came East to head the veterans' section of the Roosevelt Presidential campaign

Heizer, joined the Army. He was engaged to Bob's sister, Margaret.

Lieutenant Heizer went to the Second Division, Lieutenant O'Neil to the Fifth. Lieutenant Heizer was killed in battle and Dyke found his grave. Captain O'Neil was recommended for a Distinguished Service Cross for stringing a telephone wire under fire and declined the decoration because it was not also offered to the men who had assisted him. In 1919 he came home and he and Margaret were married.

They moved to Topeka and Lawyer O'Neil began afresh. In two years he was appointed City Attorney, (Continued on page 46)

YOU MAY HAVE BEEN EVERYWHERE AND SEEN  
EVERYTHING, SAYS CHICAGO, BUT WHEN LEGION  
CONVENTION AND CENTURY OF PROGRESS MEET, THEN

# Your BIG MOMENT *is* DUE

LAST spring the staccato of riveting machines and the whine of saws blended with a mighty hammering as an army of steel workers and carpenters set the stage for A Century of Progress along six miles of Chicago's lake front. The echoes that reached the country at large, however, were not all from riveters, saws and hammers, for long before the World's Fair gates were thrown open a few tongues were clacking hopeful predictions that the World's Fair would be a flop.

It would be nothing more than a county fair on a big scale, they were saying. They prophesied that a world, grown blasé

with the radio, the airplane and talking movies, would get no more kick out of this exposition than a moonshine guzzler out of a bottle of 3.2 percent beer. A World's Fair was all right back in 1876, they argued, because folks then wore hoopskirts and pancake derbies and would bet on the shell game. All right too in 1893, they said, because everybody thought then that the bicycle, the incandescent light and the telephone spelled the modern world.

The folks who said all these things six months ago aren't saying them now. The nearest thing to a knock heard recently is the mild suggestion that the Chicago World's Fair is Roxy's idea of Coney Island. That in reality is praise, if you will go into the matter far enough.

The whole truth is that A Century of Progress is as fine a show as has ever appeared on the American stage. It has been acclaimed as such by the attendance figures. From the first day, crowds have continued to pour through the gates, larger and larger. The admission receipts within the first few months insured that the World's Fair would more than pay for itself, and its drawing power has grown so great that now they are going to hold it open an extra month. Visitors are returning to Chicago to see the fair a second time. It is so big that you can't see it all in the usual stay. You simply give it the once-over on your first day, using the 90-passenger motor buses, the wheeled chairs of the sort they have at Atlantic City or the rickshaw, a la Japan, and you spend whatever other days you have seeing the things you spotted on your first round as most worth while.

All summer long the advance guards of the Legion have been arriving in Chicago to make arrangements for hotel accommodations and such like. The American Legion's National Convention headquarters in the Hotel Morrison has been working continuously in the tempo of



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## ADD LEGION AND SERVE

The World's Fair will be everything from hors d'oeuvres to dessert when 100,000 Legionnaires move through the gates and down the midway during our biggest convention

Chaumont during the fall of 1918. On one day in mid-July while Phil Collins, executive vice president of the convention body, was getting National Commander Louis Johnson on the telephone in Langdon, North Dakota, to talk over plans for the attendance of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, advance representatives of the drum corps of Tucson, Arizona, East St. Louis, Illinois, and Uniontown, Pennsylvania, were standing by, and chairmen of sub-committees were bringing in questions on convention hall, parade and all sorts of things.

Yes, President Roosevelt will be there. He promised National Commander Johnson he would attend unless some wholly unanticipated matter prevents him. As this is written, all the details of his reception and entertainment haven't been worked out, but you probably will have learned about them from the newspapers by the time you read this.

What President Roosevelt says at Chicago is certain to become history. It will be remembered along with the events of a Legion convention which promises to be the most colorful yet held. For



The new clubhouse of Alonzo Cudworth Post of Milwaukee was formerly the home of L. J. Petit, millionaire salt magnate and banker. It has twenty-six rooms, which still contain the decorations and furnishings of the original owner, including many works of art



four days The American Legion will have possession not only of the World's Fair, with its midway stretching miles and its spectacular attractions, but also of Michigan Boulevard, one of the world's greatest thoroughfares.

Michigan Boulevard is heart and soul of Chicago. It lies along the city's lake front. Immense hotels and tall office buildings line one side of it and look out over a panorama of blue water and park and World's Fair. The section of the boulevard lined by big hotels is close by the main gates of the exposition. Legionnaires can walk to the World's Fair grounds or get there in minutes by taking buses or the trains of a miniature railway.

The Chicago convention will be Paris on a huge scale. The Legion took 20,000 to the convention in Paris in 1927. Chicago's will be ten times as big—and ten times as spectacular. Never before has a Legion convention had night settings such as it will have in October. A big moment for Legion thousands will come when the World's Fair lights flash on at dusk of the Legion's first day. Even if you expect a surprise you will not be prepared for the burst of colored brilliance which transforms the fair into an enchanted city. You will stand in the greatest flood of colored light the world has seen—light of

a new sort. It is the color lighting of rare gas in tubes—light that in the next few years will utterly transform the night scene in every American town and city. You will see what helium and neon and mercury gases can do when confined in giant tubes under the high voltage of electricity. Nobody can tell you about it. You are simply due for a surprise.

Perhaps you'll have your surprise when you are on the sky-ride, a pair of gargantuan towers, between which big passenger cabins travel back and forth on cables high above the waters of the World's Fair lagoons. Seen from the sight-seeing platforms on top of the towers or from the slow-moving cabins in mid-air, the night brilliance of the fair becomes a dream of a world a century hence.

Yes, the stage is set. Chicago is ready. The curtain will rise on Monday, October 2d, when the first session is held in the Chicago Stadium, the huge indoor arena in which took place last year's national conventions of both the Republican and Democratic parties. The big parade comes Tuesday, and 100,000 are expected to march down Michigan Boulevard and into Soldier Field where a crowd of 110,000 will review it. Major General Frank Parker, commander of the Army Sixth Corps Area, is chairman of the parade committee. He is organizing the parade exactly like an army on review. Once it starts, it will move without halt.

Wednesday night comes the annual drum corps competition in Soldier Field, and put that down as something not



to miss. There will be a huge military ball Tuesday night after the parade. Preceding it will be a dinner for all women Legionnaires attending the convention. Your convention program which you will get when you arrive will list lots of other special events. Most Chicago posts and Auxiliary units plan to hold open house. In fact, all Chicago will belong to you.

### *With the Legion's Help*

THE time-honored schoolboy's dream that the schoolhouse would burn didn't come true in Winter Haven, Florida, last spring, but something almost like that happened. The schools were forced to close in March because public funds had been exhausted. Four hundred of the 800 pupils were enrolled in a private school on a tuition basis immediately after the regular sessions were brought to an end, but it looked for a time as if the other 400 children whose parents could not afford to pay the tuition would fall behind in their schooling an entire year.

"At this juncture," reports Legionnaire E. R. Dantzler, "Frieron Nichols Post presented a plan for continuing the school by utilizing the services of volunteer teachers, most of them former teachers who had retired after marriage. Fully-qualified teachers for all grades were obtained and classes were held each afternoon for the remainder of the term."

### *Legion Mansion*

BACK in 1898 when L. J. Petit, a millionaire salt magnate and banker, completed a 26-room home on Milwaukee's "gold



empty, but with its original furnishings just as they had been. So it was when the sixteen members of the permanent home committee of Alonzo Cudworth Post, saw it first.

The committee had been appointed by Post Commander Gloudeman to investigate the possibility of acquiring a clubhouse during the depressed condition of the real estate market. Architects on the committee declared that the Petit House was as well adapted to the needs of the post as if it had been built to fit them.

There was not a dissenting vote when the post in April adopted its committee's recommendation to buy the family mansion. The post moved in on April 20th.

"Mr. Petit selected plans of severe simplicity in a day when other wealthy men were crusting their homes with gingerbread," writes Legionnaire C. F. Butcher. "His architect depended on line and proportion for effect. The result was a building not 'dated,' one which is architecturally as good today as when it was built, and one which should be equally 'modern' fifty years from now."

### *Hard Luck Harbor*

THE professional panhandler, who has found the depression increasing his pickings and decreasing his risks, detours when his leisurely path takes him toward Des Moines, Iowa, these days. He has learned that soft-hearted citizens—"saps" is his word for them—no longer shell out in Des Moines when told a harrowing story of suffering produced by hard times. Elsewhere, citizens may still give a dime or a quarter indiscriminately to every applicant, lest among them there be those who deserve every help, but in Des Moines the request for a handout rarely is productive of more than a card entitling the receiver to help at the office of the Homeless Men's Relief Office maintained by



The clubhouse of Brown-Landers Post of East Hartford, Connecticut, became a dormitory and dining room for flood refugees when the Connecticut River ran wild last spring and made hundreds homeless

coast," the building was of classic and conservative architecture. With its surroundings, on a bluff above Lincoln Memorial Drive, bordering Lake Michigan, the home long remained a show place. Through the years, the family had added to the rooms rich decorations and art treasures. A fifteen-car garage of Indiana limestone, the same stone as in the house itself, was also built. After Mr. Petit's death, the house stood with shuttered windows,

Argonne Post of The American Legion. Professional panhandlers know that the relief office can't be victimized. They shun it. The man genuinely down on his luck and in need of temporary assistance goes to the relief office, finds food and lodging and proceeds on his way with new strength and confidence.

"The Legion's relief office was opened December 2, 1932," writes Legionnaire Clarence O. Pinkerton. "By June of this year

## THAT POSTERITY MAY KNOW

The Indiana Department this year asked each Indiana post to plant 1,000 trees and it is supporting the State's system of parks which preserve tracts of virgin timber such as this one at Turkey Run

it had interviewed a grand total of 4,611 cases and had given to them relief in the form of meals or lodging. Boys and men ranging in age from 15 to 87, of every creed, color and nationality, from all walks of life, from every State, have been helped. The post is proud of its conviction that almost all the applicants were worthy of the aid they were forced to seek. Almost without exception they were glad to accept such work as could be offered to them."

### *Indiana's Tree Program*

ACH year storms and parasites take a heavy toll among the trees which have been passed up by lumber companies, and some day trees such as are preserved in Indiana's state parks will be rarities. The Indiana Department of the Legion showed its interest in maintaining these tracts this year not only by indorsing the work of the State Conservation Commission, headed by Legionnaire Ralph Wilcox, but also by an appeal to each post to plant 1,000 trees in its own community. The Department also asked each post to sponsor a setting of pheasant eggs, obtainable free from the State, and to plant in lakes and streams 10,000 fingerling game fish. At the same time, the Legion undertook a campaign against birds of prey most destructive to song and game birds. Legion

trips to state parks were a part of the program. La Porte (Indiana) Post set an example for other outfits by planting 100,000 trees to help give work to the unemployed.

### *Garden of Rainbows*

THE name of Pierre S. du Pont is known to almost every American. It stands for industrial achievement and brings to mind the great manufacturing plants at Wilmington, Delaware, without which the automobile today would be a vastly different vehicle. Engineers and scientists have worked ceaselessly in the laboratories of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company at Wilmington and elsewhere, inventing and perfecting lacquers, better fabrics and other things which give the modern motor car grace and durability. And other industries too owe much of their progress to the ingenuity of the Wilmington company, which, incidentally, has become recognized as an important



factor in the national defense system of the United States.

Not so well known is the fact that what Pierre S. du Pont has achieved as the leader of a great corporation is paralleled by another achievement—the creation of an estate which is regarded as the finest example of landscape gardening in the United States. At Kennett Square, in Pennsylvania, just across the border of Delaware and the city of Wilmington, is Longwood Gardens, where eighty-foot trees, pools and fountains, formal gardens and rare plants and shrubs from all parts of the world are assembled on a scale that reminds a former doughboy of Versailles or Fontainebleau.

In June Longwood Gardens was a pilgrimage point for The American Legion of a wide section of Pennsylvania and Delaware. The old trees, the gardens and fountains were transformed into a vast open-air theater in which William W. Fahey Post of Kennett Square produced for the fourth successive year a historical pageant. Eleven thousand persons this year saw the Kennett Square Legionnaires and other citizens enact "The Story of Kennett," as written by Bayard Taylor, author, traveler and diplomat. They saw a fairyland of fountains as a background to the stage, with colored floodlights in constant change playing upon scores of sprays that leaped from twenty feet to one hundred feet. The magnitude of the spectacle is indicated by the fact that six thousand gallons of water cascaded every minute.

### *Flying Boxcar*

NO NATIONAL CONVENTION of The American Legion would be genuine without the drum and bugle corps of Harvey Seeds Post of Miami, Florida, (Continued on page 62)

# The A.E.F. of 1915



Ambulance drivers of Section Sanitaire Americaine 5, attached to the French Blue Devil Division, tied up for minor repair work on their motor

**H**OW come, 1915? Hell, we didn't get into the war till 1917," the average veteran, or non-veteran for that matter, might vociferate as a result of our title. And he'd be right. We all know the dates by heart—April 6, 1917—November 11, 1918. And, of course, the American Expeditionary Forces, officially, were unknown before the earlier date.

But there were expeditionary forces of Americans in France two years before our country ceased to be a spectator and got into the scrap. Comparatively small groups, it has to be admitted, but still contributing their bit for the cause of our to-be Allies. Stories of the American airmen who comprised the Lafayette Escadrille have appeared in these columns and brief mention has been made of the ambulance units that were the unofficial vanguard of the A. E. F.

You've heard of those units, but how many know that some of them were in active service as early as the fall of 1914—within weeks after the World War got under way? We're not singling out the Harvard men, as there were others, but a ready reference book shows that Harvard men were in the motor ambulance corps of the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris, serving in Belgium during the early part of the German invasion.

Attached to various French divisions, they were known as Section Sanitaire Americaine, even though the abbreviation was

"S. S. U."—the "U" standing for "Unis" or United, condensed from "Etats Unis" or United States. British ambulance units had already pre-empted the abbreviation "S. S. A." or Section Sanitaire Anglaise. Similar American ambulance sections, organized after we entered the war, were also attached to French divisions for the duration.

Paul S. Greene, Adjutant of Fred Hilburn Post in Douglas, Arizona, was a member of one of these units, S. S. U. 5, attached to General Brissaud Daismillet's 66th Division of French Chasseurs. The picture we show came from Adjutant Greene—also this story:

"A year ago in the Monthly, Mr. Thomas Bancroft Delker of Hammonton, New Jersey, requested the names of survivors of the French Chasseurs, or Blue Devils, for whom he had a message from General Daismillet. I sent him my name as I belonged to Section Sanitaire Americaine 5, attached to General Daismillet's 66th Division of Chasseurs during the summer of 1917. And he was some general, too.

"Thinking the Then and Now Gang might be interested, I am enclosing a view of a 'Henry' of our section. The snapshot portrays the Chief of the Section, 'Ducky' Drake, who died lately, operating on Henry's innards, while I, wearing the beret with the horn insignia as authorized by General Brissaud Daismillet, stand helplessly looking on. Henry's coils remain a dark mystery to me to this day.

"Section 5 of the American Red Cross ambulance service attached to the French Army was sponsored by the late Herman Harjes, partner of J. P. Morgan in the Paris banking house of Morgan Harjes. Mr. Harjes used to visit his section periodically at the front in a six-tired Renault limousine loaded down with Egyptian cigarettes and champagne for the drivers. His idea was that the section which bore his name should be the best section there was, and the thirsty *conducteurs* of his outfit appreciated his efforts to make it so.

"When, in the summer of 1917, the section was attached to General de Brissaud's Chasseurs, the general also said it must be the greatest and





finest ambulance section, since it was connected with his own best and most glorious Blue Devils. We drivers agreed, especially since the French shock troops were rewarded for their valor by being sent *en repos* (to rest billets) in the suburbs of Paris and we went *avec*.

"I might tell about the American colonel who came up to enlist us at thirty dollars a month—think of it, thirty dollars a month—in blissful ignorance that the section was composed of scions of hundreds of millions (I was not one of them)—Crockers, Armours, Whitneys, Parsons. Warrens, Clarks, et alii. We took the colonel up among the seventy-fives after dark and told him the exploding guns were arriving shells. Remarking that he had not been under fire for a long time, he asked to be conducted to the rear. After his visit, the section members who could pass a U. S. Army examination resigned and joined the American Air Service or Artillery, but the outfit went on with new recruits to new honors as Section 646.

"Does anyone dispute the claim of Section 5-646, to being the only American outfit decorated with the fourragere of the *Medaille Militaire*, and also the first to dip its colors in the Rhine?"

**A** REPERCUSSION from one of the "first" claims presented in these columns almost two years ago—see your October, 1931, issue—came to us not long after that claim was broadcast, but this is our first chance to permit the objector to raise his voice. Legionnaire George W. Sutton, Jr., of 232 Madison Avenue, New York City, displays Exhibits A and B on this page, and is given the floor:

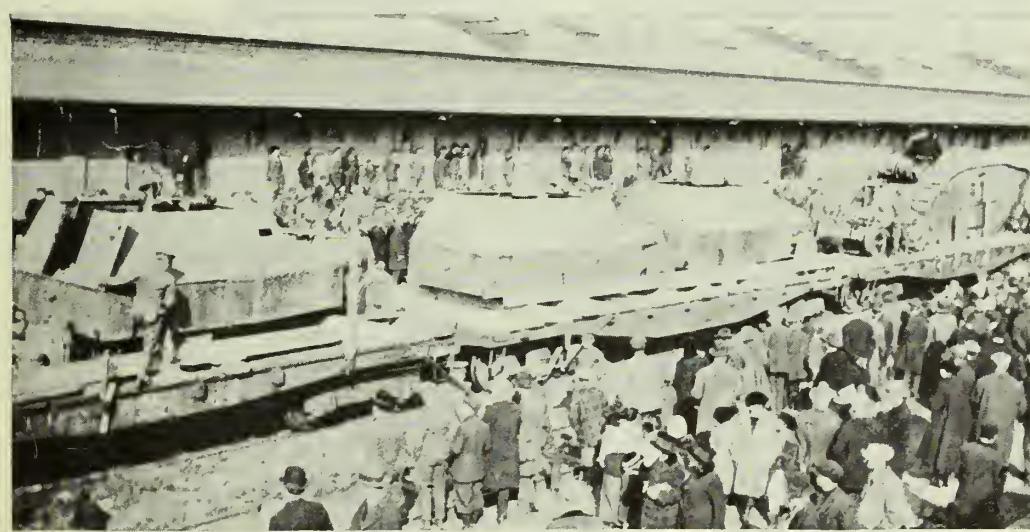
"In your reminiscent department under the title, 'When the Yanks Invaded Canada,' the following appeared: 'Modestly, in the reunion booklet, the 363d Infantry Association states that the triumphal march of the Third Battalion in Calgary, June 23,

"In the fall of 1917, a British tank was sent over here commanded by Captain Richard Haig, with a crew of wounded British tank veterans, to assist in our Liberty Loan campaign. My battery was formerly the First Motor Battery, N. Y. N. G., which had been brigaded with the First Field Artillery of the New York Guard after the original First Field had gone to Camp Wadsworth, South Carolina, and been federalized as the 104th Field Artillery.

"The First Motor Battery was a privately financed outfit in the National Guard, organized in May, 1916, with equipment of three armored cars, 72 Indian motorcycles with rifles in saddle boots on the handle-bars, and with a dozen or so of them equipped with machine guns carried on trailers. When our country



Above: The late Sir John Eaton, and his sons, who entertained American soldiers when a British tank and American armored cars (left) paraded in Toronto in a Victory Loan campaign



1918, is said to be the first time in history that American troops paraded on Canadian soil.'

"This statement is decidedly in error. As captain of Battery A, First Field Artillery N. Y. G., I took part in parades in Canada about eight months before the invasion of the 363d Infantry. We were accompanied by detachments of Federal forces.

entered the war, the Army had no similar unit in its Tables of Organization, although the Motor Battery had done valuable work in protecting the New York watershed and had taken part in Lord-knows-how-many parades. Although a regular part of the New York National Guard, we were left behind when the 27th Division went to camp.

"While waiting for the Government to dispose of us, we were appointed as escorts to Captain Haig's tank and paraded with it all over the place with our armored cars and motorcycles.

"On November 5, 1917, we left New York City on a special

Wot a sap he is!! He gives her ma  
ten francs to do his laundry—gives  
her the soap—and then does  
mosta the washin' hisself!



sensation. Captain Haig, my first lieutenant and I were given the royal suite at the Windsor Hotel, entertained royally, and whenever we appeared on the street were surrounded by staring Canadians who evidently had never before seen American officers.

"On November 18th, we were joined by Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Rhea who was in command of a detachment of the 305th Infantry from Camp Upton, with the band of the 304th Field Artillery, fully armed and equipped. Later in the day arrived a large detachment of Marines from Quantico, under command of Lieutenant Corder, and a United States Navy band. On the 19th, together with a flock of Canadian troops, civic groups and elaborate floats, we paraded for many miles through Montreal. Our reception was peculiar. In the French-Canadian sections of the city we received evidence of mingled enthusiasm and utmost hostility. In the British section, we met sedate but sincere cordiality.

"That night we entrained for Toronto where we paraded seven miles in a pouring rain and were royally entertained by Sir John Eaton and other Canadians with luncheons, banquets and theater parties. All of the American troops entrained at Montreal for New York City on November 21st. Then just before the train started, the door of the officers' special Pullman opened and in walked a parade of Sir John Eaton's servants bearing shoulders of venison, hams, baskets of fruit and innumerable cases and boxes of other goodies for the visiting officers.

"As a result of our experience with the British tank, my whole battery went into the United States Tank Corps, just then forming, my lieutenant and I getting commissions. We served at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and in France with various degrees of eclat, elan and all that sort of thing.

"Anyhow, the 363d Infantry was not the first American military outfit to visit Canada. Looks as if my outfit was the first of the breed the Canadians had ever seen. But Colonel Rhea and his men, as American Federal troops under arms, can certainly dispute the 'modest claim' of the 363d.

train bearing the tank, three of our armored cars and a few motorcycles, as guest of the Canadian Government to accompany the tank in parades and festivities connected with Canada's Victory Loan campaign. We arrived in Montreal on November 16th and apparently created a

"One of the enclosed pictures shows the British tank and our armored cars arriving in Toronto, November 20, 1917, and the other is a photograph of our host, the late Sir John Eaton, and his sons, taken during the war."

**W**E ALL know, of course, who the sea-soldiers of our forces are—the gyrenes, leathernecks, or whatever your favorite nickname for the Marines may be. But now we learn of another gang of actual Army soldiers that had an unusual detail afloat. Incidentally, we are letting ourselves open to—in fact, inviting—a new discussion regarding an "only" claim. Pictorial evidence is offered and also this account by Patrick J. Ganley of Fort Dearborn Post, 6542 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Illinois:

"Having followed your department in the Monthly for a number of years, I am now offering something which I am sure many of my old buddies in Company B, Fourth Engineers, and other Fourth Division men will be interested to see and read.

"We men of the third platoon of Company B claim the distinction of being the only troops in the A. E. F. who sailed part of the way home in pontoon boats. This came about on account of our platoon having had charge of the pontoon bridge spanning the Moselle River at Treis, Germany. In April, 1919, the pontoon bridge was discontinued and we had the job of taking the pontoon boats down to the Rhine River to be turned over to the Belgian government as part of their reparations from Germany.

"Treis was a small village some twenty-five kilometers or so from Coblenz. Unfortunately we did not have the pleasure of taking the boats all the way to Antwerp, being relieved at Honnighen on the Rhine after a most interesting trip, and ordered back to our company at Coblenz. The enclosed snapshot was taken by Sergeant Masters who, with Lieutenant Hill in charge of our detail, was riding in a motorcycle and sidecar along the road



Company B, Fourth Engineers, acted as escort for a string of pontoon boats floated down the Moselle and Rhine Rivers in Germany for delivery to Belgium as part reparations, during April, 1919

that parallels the Moselle and the Rhine Rivers near Coblenz.

"I am hoping to see old comrades when they come here to Chicago for the Legion national convention in October. Our post, Fort Dearborn Post, has large clubrooms, well-equipped to handle any kind of reunion. We are on the South Side of Chicago at 6542 Cottage Grove Avenue."

**C**HICAGO! Last call for the Legion national convention and for the reunions which will be held during the week of October second to fifth.

The October issue of the Monthly, which will be in the hands of readers by September twenty-fifth, is the last one in which announcements of convention (Continued on page 56)



# DRUMS *and* BUGLES

→ PLUS ←



Full of vim and vig-u-or, showing off its fig-u-or, you should see it on parade! It is Villa Park (Illinois) Post which, its historian alleges, can do everything but play. However, the allegation must be a libel

THE history of the drum and bugle corps of Villa Park (Illinois) Post has, it seems to me, been filled with do's and don'ts that might well be made public so that other young corps can profit from the mistakes we have made and the lessons we have learned.

Villa Park Post was, when we started the corps, an excellent example of a post which seemed destined to remain a peacock post—with beautiful feathers but no music in its makeup. Our town has six thousand people, and nobody has a lot of money. The post had about 100 members and a treasury that was little more than a figure of speech. When the idea of a drum corps was first advanced, it seemed the wildest kind of a dream. How could a post with so few members, with very little money, located in a community without a surplus of wealthy potential patrons—how could such an outfit develop a bang-up drum and bugle corps? Well, it couldn't be done, but we did it anyway.

We are now in the midst of our third season. We have thirty-seven uniforms, forty-five men and instruments to equip them. We also have a thirty-passenger bus in which to go places and do things. These things are all paid for. We now have our hearts set on improved equipment which will cost us nearly a thousand dollars, and we believe we will have it before the summer is over. We are also considering taking thirty men in that bus to next year's national convention, wherever it is—and we hope it will be Miami. Of course, we will be at the Chicago convention.

*By John R. Wilson*

We have a quartet that is making us famous. They are appearing at all sorts of club and society meetings, helping other Legion posts with their shows and are even filling requests for radio broadcasts. We do not put our uniforms in mothballs during the winter as many others do. We have to wear them too frequently for that. Even though a drum and bugle corps is intended principally for outdoor use, we are continually receiving requests for indoor appearances.

All this paints a beautiful picture, but unfortunately it is only half the story. Truthfulness demands that the other half be given, and it can be in a very few words. We have a wonderful corps but we can't play. Considering the time that has elapsed since we started we should be able to play and march much better than we do.

The organization of the corps helped our post. Men who wished to play in the corps came in. Some of these had been worked on for years but for some reason could not be induced to join. The attendance at the post meetings doubled when the corps came into existence. Previously, an attendance of twenty was fairly good and on special occasions it increased to thirty or thirty-five. Now forty is a fair average for ordinary business meetings and we have had as many as eighty or ninety.

Public interest in the Legion also increased. The corps was visible proof of the activity of the post, and proof had previously been lacking. Even yet, after three (Continued on page 44)

# THE VOICE *of the* LEGION

Comment by Editors of Various Department and Post  
Publications Over the Country

**A** SAVING of \$400,000,000 at the expense of war veterans was necessary to balance the federal budget, we were told. Yet Congress continued in effect \$400,000,000 of new special taxes enacted last year and added \$220,000,000 of additional new taxes and authorized the issuance of \$8,560,000,000 in new government bonds and securities which cause our interest-bearing public debt to exceed by \$5,000,000,000 the peak of our public debt during the World War.

One appropriation bill alone carried \$3,608,915,000 which, according to Representative Snell of New York, was \$600,000,000 more than the entire cost of running the Government for the last fiscal year, not including the interest on the public debt and the sinking fund. By a stratagem of bookkeeping, for use of which in private business an auditor would be fired, the Government claims the "ordinary budget" is balanced, that consisting purely of operating expenses, the other billions going into an "extraordinary budget" consisting of major expenditures labeled "emergency" or "capital investment." Does all this make sense to you?—*Oregon Legionnaire*.

## A TIME FOR CARE

**T**HE posts of the Department are already making the selection of the men who will head the work of the Legion in the coming year. Now, more than ever, it is essential that men of the highest type and with a real regard for the veteran, be selected as post officials.

The Legion is closing one of its most trying years and, considering the attacks that this great organization has had to withstand, its success has been great. The membership, while not so great as in previous years, has in the light of all factors to be considered, held up wonderfully well.

This record must be maintained. For that reason the men who are to head the organization in the communities should be outstanding in their communities, men who will reflect credit on the Legion.

Another feature which is worthy of consideration is early selection of the post officials. If they can be selected in time to go to the department and national conventions, they will come back to their home communities imbued with enthusiasm and the desire to get active immediately.—*West Virginia Legionnaire*.

## THE LEGION HAS A JOB

**A**S TIME passes, it is becoming more and more evident that there is a silver lining to the cloud that took the form of the Federal cuts in payments to disabled veterans. Prior to the passage of the so-called Economy Bill, there is no doubt but that the sentiment of the American people was swinging away from the World War veterans, due to the fact that many payments were being made to them which it was felt were not justified.

This fact was recognized by the veterans themselves, especially the representative group composing The American Legion. A move was on foot to get rid of the "goldbricker" in this proposi-

tion of compensation and the like, and the Legion had ready to present to the present special session of Congress a program of payments which would have been just to the government and to the deserving veteran . . .

The Legion's program was disregarded, and in a wave of hysteria Congress unloaded onto the President the duty of drawing up a program of reduction in Federal payments to war veterans. The men whom the President trusted to formulate this program made the mistake of going too far, betraying the men with the service-connected disabilities. Nobody had asked that the war disabled be deprived of the payments that are their just due. Yet the regulations put out to enforce the new Economy Act crucified these men.

The American public is fair-minded. The evident injustices being done to World War veterans under the provisions of the new act didn't set well with the rank and file of American citizens. Each one of them is willing to acknowledge that the nation owes a debt to the man who was disabled in its defense. So when The American Legion began to fight back on behalf of the disabled, public sentiment quickly formed to say that the Legion is right. That is the bright side to the cloud, for nothing could have happened to swing public sentiment back to the veteran more quickly than the mistake of putting the disabled on the cross.—*Nebraska Legionnaire*.

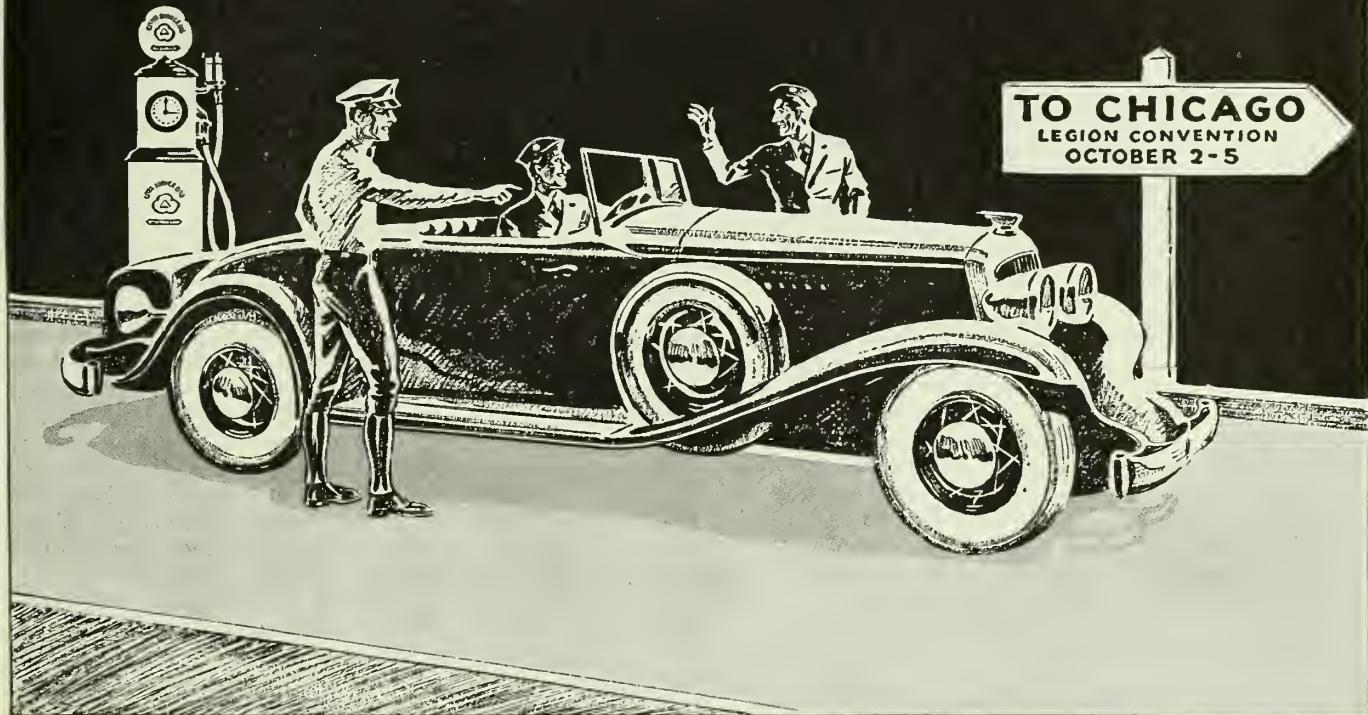
## SONS OF THE LEGION

**I**N KEEPING with the ideals of The American Legion to promote and transmit to posterity those principles of patriotism which characterized our service in the World War and which have inspired our organization since then, it has been conceived that an effective way to accomplish this purpose would be to take our sons along with us in this movement. For some years members of the Legion have felt that our sons have a definite place in Legion work.

Thorough study has been given to the proper organization of such a Junior Legion, in order that it may be established upon a sound foundation and through an organized effort, its success assured.

The authority for the organization was started by action of the 1930 national convention of The American Legion held in Boston, which created a committee to study this subject. The 1931 national convention of the Legion held in Detroit decreed that the study be continued and a definite report made to the 1932 national convention in Portland. A survey was made and recommendations approved by the Portland convention. These recommendations briefly committed the Legion to approve, encourage and foster such an organization. Each Department Commander was urged to include this activity in his program. A national committee on this activity was authorized to prepare definite recommendations for a uniform constitution, by-laws, program and ceremonials under which various units of this activity might function. This committee obtained suggestions from various Departments. (Continued on page 53)

# Follow the Cities Service Trail



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# CITIES SERVICE PETROLEUM PRODUCTS



# They Wore the Gray

(Continued from page 13)

So new was the Klan that the identities of the masked men were about as much of a mystery to the native whites as to Northern immigrants and blacks. In Pulaski, Tennessee, the Klan's birthplace, one father of a youthful Confederate veteran who had boasted that he could recognize any horse in Giles County approached a mount and threw back its hood. The horse was his own.

This tangible show of resistance to the carpet-bag experiment had the effect that Forrest contemplated. The disheartened South rallied about the Klan and the number of Dens multiplied with amazing rapidity. In the North the first murmurs against the new reconstruction policy were heard.

But the game was still in the hands of the Radicals. Elections were held and constitutional conventions assembled, every one of them controlled by carpet-baggers and Negroes. In the South Carolina convention 48 of the 76 delegates were Negroes and only 17 delegates, white or black, were taxpayers in the State. The first thing the Florida convention did was to print money for its own use. Pages were paid \$10 a day. A delegate in the convention town drew \$630 for traveling expenses. The Mississippi convention cost the taxpayers a quarter of a million dollars. By limiting its sessions to three hours a day the deliberations were strung out over 115 days, an all-time record for constitution making in America. The real grafting, however, had not begun.

THE constitutions these assemblies brought forth were about as bad as they could be. Their paramount aim was to perpetuate carpet-bag control by permanent disfranchisement of the native white electorate. The first six States "readmitted" to the Union under these instruments sent to Washington twelve Senators and thirty-six Representatives, of whom ten of the Senators and sixteen of the Representatives were Northerners. All, however, were white but this was not to continue. With the "readmission" of Mississippi, Hiram R. Revels, a North Carolina-born Negro who had come to the State as a chaplain of colored troops, filled the seat vacated by Jefferson Davis.

Senator Revels proved superior in ability and in character to the average white carpet-bagger or scalawag, as Southerners named those of their own kind who joined the Radicals. He strove to uplift rather than debauch his newly-freed brethren, but it was a losing fight. Other Negroes in Congress and in state offices often shone by contrast with such white colleagues as "Honest John" Patterson of Pennsylvania. Mr. Patterson had joined the army to avoid a scandal at home, became a pay-

master, robbed the soldiers, and drifting to South Carolina with the carpet-bag tide bought up the preponderantly black Legislature at from \$50 to \$2,500 a head and went to the United States Senate. A feature of Honest John's work was that the money used to bribe the Legislature had been obtained by swindling the State in a railroad deal so that Patterson could truthfully claim that the office never really cost him a penny.

TO NAME the biggest rogue of Reconstruction days would require some very fine discrimination but the record of Governor Franklin J. Moses of South Carolina is hard to beat. Moses was a scalawag member of a fine Charleston family. He obtained his preliminary training in statesmanship as speaker of the lower house of the Legislature under the first carpet-bag administration. The governor at this time was an Ohioan named Scott. The Legislature contained 101 members who called themselves Republicans and 23 Democrats. All of the Democrats were white and seven of the Republicans were. Under this régime the cost of state government rose from \$400,000 to \$2,000,000 a year. Some of this money went to refurbish the capitol, including the purchase of two hundred cuspids at \$20 apiece. A barroom was fitted up in the halls of state where imported champagnes, liquors and cigars were available to state officers and their friends without cost. It was figured that the pro rata consumption of refreshments by members of the Assembly was a gallon a day. The bar opened at 8 A. M. and closed at 2 A. M.

Barrooms became a fixture in several Southern state capitols, but the South Carolina solons went a step farther than the others by fitting up a house of prostitution at public expense. When Speaker Moses lost \$1,000 on a horse race an appropriation bill was regularly passed reimbursing him, which was a labor of supererogation for Mr. Moses could have had his thousand back without all that red tape. Three hundred thousand dollars were appropriated to pay school teachers though no teacher got a dollar of it. Seven hundred thousand dollars were appropriated to buy land to be parceled out among the Negroes. Only \$224,000 of this disappeared. The rest was spent for land, but such poor land that not more than a hundred Negro families could farm it successfully. In this deal some of the members of the Legislature felt that they had not received proper consideration and a resolution was introduced to impeach Governor Scott for accepting bribes. The executive divided the spoil with the law-makers and the resolution was lost.

Such was the state of affairs against

which the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan leveled its lance. Zebulon B. Vance, head of the Klan in North Carolina, was a former governor of the State and a friend of the colored man. One evening in Raleigh he found a respectable old Negro who was a member of the Legislature grinning from ear to ear as he laboriously counted a pile of bills. "Uncle, what amuses you so?" asked Colonel Vance. "Marse Zeb," replied the old darky, "I've been sold eleven times in my life but 'pon my soul this is the first time I ever got the money." Colonel Vance used to relate the story as illustrative of the Negro's innocent idea of bribe-taking. But whether innocent or not the Negro's exploitation was bringing the South to the Haitian level of civilization. Two hundred thousand acres of planting land, hundreds of mansions and thousands of humbler homes were sold under the hammer because the owners could no longer pay the crushing taxes that supported the carpet-bag orgies. The depredations of Negro militia ranged from murder to the common pastime of parading streets in company front and knocking aside every white person in their path. The whites' backs were to the wall and the Klan began to bring to bear a brand of pressure that soon made it a national issue.

A carpet-bag sheriff and a judge in Louisiana were found with bullets in their heads. In Arkansas a sheriff and a Negro were bound together and slain with one ball. In South Carolina a dozen negro militiamen were lynched after they had stolen a dray-load of whisky and murdered the driver, a one-armed ex-Confederate soldier. A colored state senator in South Carolina was shot while standing on the platform of a railroad car. A scalawag member was shot while riding home in his buggy. Every county had its whippings and tar-and-feather parties.

THE Klan was held up as the sole cause of such violence and Congress enacted drastic laws against the order which were followed by martial law in a part of South Carolina and wholesale arrests of masked men throughout the South. Then came the surprise. When masks were stripped off a fair percentage of the prisoners were found to be carpet-baggers, scalawags and Negroes bent on squaring private grudges with their own ilk. Some were simply highwaymen. A great many bona fide Klansmen also were doubtless taken but so faithfully did Forrest's men keep their oaths that this was never proved in a single instance out of five thousand arrests of record. The confusion was such that not one case in four came to trial and then convictions were difficult to obtain.

The law became virtually a dead letter and as partisan a Yankee as Horace

Greeley, touring the South in 1872, could not stomach what he saw. His only criticism was that the Klan should let the Negroes alone and keep after the carpet-baggers, who were the real sources of trouble. The Grand Army of the Republic had repudiated the carpet-bagger and begun to pave the way to a lasting reconciliation of the sections. Sentiment in the North was definitely changing. Ohio, which sent nearly three hundred regiments to the Union armies, voted by 50,000 majority against a proposal to give Negroes the vote. In the South the Negro vote was falling off and the carpet-baggers' grip proportionately weakening.

Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia were the first to wrench themselves free, North Carolina electing Vance to the Senate (which refused, at first, to seat him) and Georgia electing Gordon, second-in-command of the Klan, who was seated. As a State was redeemed Forrest promptly disbanded the Klan within its borders. Most true Klansmen obeyed these orders, though for some years disturbances in the South were caused by men wearing the regalia of the Invisible Empire.

In 1876, nine years after the beginning of the Reign of Terror, only South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida remained in the hands of the carpet-bag sovereigns. The Reconstruction became the leading issue of the presidential campaign and the greatest embarrassment to the Republican candidate, Rutherford B. Hayes. When Samuel J. Tilden, the Democratic nominee, carried New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana, the Republican managers realized their plight. They must have all three carpet-bag States in order to win by one electoral vote. Feverish telegrams went to the leaders there stating that without the three Southern States Hayes was beaten and to be sure of an "honest count."

In these States the campaigns had been bitter and the results were known to be close. The carpet-baggers controlled the returning boards, however, and it was duly announced that Hayes and the carpet-bag state tickets had won in South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida. Wade Hampton was the white party candidate in South Carolina. He declined to accept the verdict of the returning board in so far as it applied to him, calmly announcing that he had been elected Governor of South Carolina and would serve. The white party candidates in Louisiana and Florida followed suit and organized their administrations, which, however, were restrained by the military from taking possession of the state offices.

These events were eclipsed by the turmoil in Washington over the presidential contest which eventually went to the Supreme Court to be decided. Three days before the inaugural in 1877 the members of the court held, by a strict party vote, that Mr. Hayes had carried the states of South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida and therefore had been elected by a majority of one vote. (Continued on page 40)

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# *They Wore the Gray*

(Continued from page 39)

But the Democratic leaders had previously obtained a concession from Mr. Hayes. He promised, should he become President, to withdraw the troops from the three Southern States and to recognize the governments which could stand without military support. Mr. Hayes kept his word, and the carpet-bag pretenders capitulated without a show of resistance. The work of the Ku Klux Klan was done.

Ex-Governor Moses of South Carolina removed to New York City where he ended his career as a confidence man whose specialty was swindling rustics at the Grand Central Station. A former carpet-bag judge in North Carolina occupied his leisure hours with reminiscence.

"The Ku Klux Klan," he wrote, "was a daring conception for a conquered people. Only a race of warlike instincts and regal pride could have conceived and executed it. Men, women and children must have and be worthy of mutual trust. They must be trusted with secrets of life and death without reserve and without fear. The Klan differed from all other forms of revolution in the caution and skill with which it required to be conducted. It was a movement made in the face of the enemy and an enemy of overwhelming strength. . . . And in a sense it deserved to succeed."

THE long and tragic struggle for self-preservation had knit together the

body of Confederate veterans with bonds enormously strong. For them the war had lasted from ten to fifteen years instead of four. As the debt-burdened South and the Southern soldier turned to resume the work of rehabilitation begun so promisingly in 1865 outward manifestations of comradeship were rather unnecessary. True, every State had its organizations of veterans which quietly devoted themselves to the belated relief of the disabled, the widows and orphans, but not until 1889, twelve years after the disbandment of the last Realm of the Klan, were these small and scattered organizations brought together as the United Confederate Veterans. This amalgamation came about in a curious way inasmuch as its direct inspiration was the Grand Army of the Republic.

In 1889 J. F. Shipp visited New Orleans in the interests of his mercantile house in Chattanooga. His business partner was a Union veteran and a member of the G. A. R. In the lobby of the St. Charles Hotel Colonel Shipp met General John B. Gordon, then Governor of Georgia. Their conversation turned toward the war, the Klan and the need for a more comprehensive organization of Confederate veterans. Colonel Shipp mentioned the success of the Grand Army. General Gordon, who had spent six years in Washington as a member of the Senate, commended the idea as worthy of emulation. The outcome was an

invitation to the veterans' societies to send representatives to New Orleans at once. Louisiana, Tennessee and Mississippi responded. The United Confederate Veterans was formed and General Gordon elected Commander-in-Chief.

Within a year virtually all the veterans' societies in the South had tentatively affiliated with the new organization and in 1890 the first encampment was held in Chattanooga on July 3, 4 and 5. The time was chosen for its national significance, as Forrest had chosen the date for the first demonstration of the strength of the Invisible Empire in 1867. Invitations were extended to "veterans of both armies and citizens of the Republic." A constitution was adopted prohibiting the discussion of religious or political subjects or any political action by a camp of the U. C. V.

The encampment was a success, the new organization was a success and within a couple of years the annual reunions of the U. C. V. surpassed those of the G. A. R. in point of attendance. They became the great patriotic event of the year in the South. General Gordon was re-elected Commander-in-Chief each year until his death in 1904. As late as 1907 the encampment at Richmond attracted 100,000 visitors and today the United Daughters of the Confederacy remains the most active of all the varied societies that sprang from the War Between the States.

# *That Ounce of Prevention*

(Continued from page 17)

preventive measures, and that they have no communicable disease. Then to Legionville, for an indefinite stay, usually from six weeks to three months.

Once arrived at the Preventorium, the children are taken in hand by two officers of the institution, Miss Juanita Woodburn, superintendent and chief nurse, and Miss Katherine Groves, recreational director and teacher. There are three dormitory assistants, and of course a farm manager and necessary help to conduct the big agricultural enterprise surrounding the billet and furnishing the milk, eggs, poultry, and garden products.

The child is helped quickly to adapt himself to his new environment, and under the intelligent and capable direction of the staff, the routine begins, with emphasis all the way through on the "big four" of tuberculosis prevention: Rest, food, sunshine and exercise. And, of course, fresh air, which is understood anyhow, as Kansas is quite covered with it.

HERE'S a new girl, Martha, just came in this morning. Thin cheeks, spin-

dling legs, flat chest, and weakened condition generally. She has been taken right out of a tubercular family. And by the way, Miss Woodburn informs us that there are twice as many girls as boys, and that's about the proportion of "susceptibilities" the country over. Why? Well, she explains, boys have a fairer chance at the proper exercise, fresh air and food, even in the poorest of families, than do the girls. Boys get out and sell papers, run errands, and otherwise unconsciously build up a resistance to disease, while too many girls are sitting slumped down in a chair, neglecting their bodily functions, lungs, exercise, and rest, and nibbling upon the wrong kinds of food further to insult a dormant appetite.

But Martha finds herself in the midst of an enthusiastic crowd of young health seekers, some of them, the old veterans, having been at Legionville for two months or more.

"Sa-a-ay!" one of them calls to Martha. "I can see by your face you need liver and spinach. You won't like it at first, but it will build you up!"

So Martha finds herself rising at six-thirty and following a regular schedule all the way through. Toothbrush drill at six-fifty. A play time of romping and working up an appetite until seven-fifteen. And Miss Woodburn passes out this tip: "Try that on your kids if they don't want breakfast! At least don't drag them out of bed ten minutes before time to rush off to school, and expect them to eat a normal breakfast." Again a play time until nine-thirty, and the sunbath ritual begins. An hour's rest from ten to eleven; health lesson, preparation for dinner, and dinner at noon. Rest from one to three for some, and until four for others; library hour, supervised recreation; and by five-thirty the old mess call sounds again. At six the flag is lowered, with appropriate ceremonies. More supervised activities, including posture exercises, handwork, and the like. The evening study hour at seven-fifteen, and to bed at eight o'clock.

Of course, there is plenty of time to splash in the pool, play in the sand pile or on the many pieces of equipment in the big yards, work puzzles, play with marbles,

tops or dolls, ride the long-suffering pony who is a sort of pal to all the boys and girls of Legionville, or engage in such games as the condition of each child will permit.

Sunsuits are standard "issue" in the warm weather, and even in the cold weather the sunbaths are taken by the children as fast as they are conditioned to it. When National Commander Henry L. Stevens accompanied Mr. Stewart out to inspect the Preventorium it was so cold the gentlemen of the Legion were swathed in overcoats. Commander Stevens was startled to see the sunbathers lined up absorbing all the sunshine that could filter through wintry skies!

Martha will be weighed when she comes in, and weighed again every Monday to determine her progress in building back to health. Some of the children have gained five pounds the first week at Legionville. Many of them gain an average of two pounds per week for several weeks. The average gain runs a little better than half a pound a week for the time the children stay at the billet.

Rest and proper food—they form the first line of defense and offense against tuberculosis. Combined with their allies, sunshine and exercise in the right amount, they establish a bulwark of health.

YOU can get a college course in the care of children right out of the tips Miss Woodburn and Miss Groves give you from guiding the activities of children at Legionville. Health habits can be made attractive with a little thought and helpfulness, they have discovered. Hence the tooth-brush drill. For health instruction, Miss Groves uses pictures, charts, and that never-failing source of interest for children—animal life.

"The library hour, forty minutes before supper, provides a time in which to quiet down after the day's work and play, which any child needs before eating the evening meal," Miss Groves points out.

Perhaps Martha, the new girl, has come in with some stubborn food dislikes. She doesn't like milk—and that's too bad, for milk is quite the fashion at Legionville. A dozen or so prize Holsteins work valiantly to supply the numerous glasses of milk each child must drink every day.

"Most food dislikes in children are imaginary," Miss Woodburn declares, "and have been allowed to thrive—sometimes by actual encouragement—by the parents. Spinach? You've heard how children dislike spinach. We put just a little on the plate at first. Under proper suggestions and in company with the other children enjoying spinach, the new child eats his portion. Day by day the amount is increased to the right proportion. By that time the child is likely asking for a second helping, anyhow. Practically all antipathy toward wholesome foods can be overcome in that way."

And is anyone worried about Junior not eating good, wholesome bread? "Fix it in sandwiches!" is (Continued on page 42)



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# *That Ounce of Prevention*

(Continued from page 41)

the formula used at Legionville, and guaranteed to work anywhere. All bread is served in sandwich form, with butter or some other tasty substance between the slices.

The children, we discover, enter into the spirit of this game of building health. Members of the staff frequently near, as the squirming mess line of thirty to thirty-five youngsters enters the dining hall, hear such conversation as follows:

Joe: "What? Carrots again?"

Mary: "Sure, Joe—carrots! You got to eat 'em for they build good blood. So get busy and eat 'em."

THE Kansas Tuberculosis and Health Association joins the Legion and Auxiliary in pride of achievement and satisfaction with results at the Preventorium. In a report of Dr. C. H. Lerrigo of Topeka, one of the board members, in March, 1933,

we find the following interesting financial data:

"To the query 'does it pay?' we submit the following: For the calendar year 1932, there were 95 children who stayed a total of 5,924 days. The average stay per child was 62½ days, the shortest 14 days, the longest 128. The total expenditure by the Preventorium Association for this period was \$5,080.17, which averages \$53.47 per child served, or not quite 86 cents per day per child. The children came from thirty-five different counties."

Members of the Preventorium staff will tell you with considerable pride that reports from the homes of children who have been treated at the billet indicate that greater numbers than the children are benefited. For instance, little Jewell, from Lawrence, went back home and tried to put all her schoolmates and neighboring playmates, to say nothing of the members

of her family, on a modified Legionville schedule.

She corrected eating habits, explained her health lessons, insisted on rest periods, and otherwise spread the good influence of the Preventorium. Teachers report to the Preventorium that invariably the children who have been built up against tuberculosis carry on in school with a renewed vigor.

The money which the Kansas Department of the Legion and its Auxiliary contribute to this outstanding departmental project amounts annually to ten cents for each member of each post and unit, and is received by the Department through contributions from the posts and units. Funds which the Tuberculosis and Health Association expends in this enterprise, as is true of all money received and expended by this splendid organization, are raised by the sale of the familiar Christmas seals.

## *The Man of the Future*

(Continued from page 11)

that so affects the public welfare and even the stability of the state should be under the control of the Government. Left in the hands of greedy and unscrupulous men, will it not eventually rot out the very foundations of law, order and civilization?

WE have been making a great outcry over the misdeeds of bankers. Some of them have merited the condemnation they have received, but I have little patience with envious sore-heads and holy high-brows who condemn them en masse. Let us not do too much shouting about the mote in the other fellow's eye while there is a beam in our own. We have all been gambling and playing and giving our time to many varieties of apple sauce and neglecting the children. Let us begin to take an active interest in the bankers, judges, mayors, magistrates and statesmen of the future. We can do little for those we have save giving them the punishment they deserve, but those of the future—they are the ones to be looked after. We are responsible for them and they can be made into reliable people. If any of them go to prison it is our fault.

Not long ago I was a week-end guest at a big country house. We spent the most of a night at a great party. Not in many years had I seen and studied the fashionable folk of a whole town and countryside for more than half a night. We used to waste our nights in sleep and rest. The young women I saw at the week-end party had not been guilty of that folly.

When the night falls they are up and

dressed and ready for more fun. They have no illusions about life. Their faces have been prepared for the worst. Those of many of them are a bit lined and hardened by their understanding. The silly girls of the old time whose faces glowed with the trustful innocence of childhood, who had skins like those of the pre-adolescent period—I saw none of these. They were a sentimental lot. They were beautiful, but what is beauty but a thing which can be bought in the shops? Would not one better know that life is mainly sex, hypocrisy and cash, and that one is to get all the fun she can? Life is of course what we choose to make it and faces are largely the product of our living. They register even our thoughts and they tell the long story of life.

I am sensitive to atmosphere and this is only an impression shared by others, or I should be slow to write of it.

I remembered nights when the eyes of young women shone with the wonder and delight of motherhood and faith in men, and in the great privilege of living and loving and trusting.

Yet those old timers were the beautiful victims of illusion. Let us assume that it is better to be sophisticated, with a knowledge of all evil, even though it puts distrust in your eyes, a frown on your brow and wrinkles in your skin. If the body is largely shaped by the mind and spirit, wrinkles are the paths of thought and hardness the effect of a loss of confidence. Still, women can get along without beauty. The eyes that have looked into life and found only disappointment have a kind of wis-

dom and that, in a sense, is a good thing.

Why should these overworked young women, in need of stimulation, give up gin and cigarettes even if they do affect the complexion and the countenance?

There is a wide misconception of the prime objective in going to college. It is not to learn Greek or Latin or mathematics or history or the art of self-expression or to form opinions on the great themes of our time. All that is simply building material and in most cases it will be soon forgotten. The main objective is a structure of manhood, with deep foundations, that shall be as strong and graceful and beautiful as our toil and ingenuity can make it so that it may be a factor in civilization. That is practically the theory of Aristotle. If it be true, and some of us think that it is most certainly true, it is our duty to look to it that our children are not misled by their teachers.

I AM convinced that the faculties of many of our schools and colleges are honeycombed with men of liberated minds and morals—atheists, Freudians and apostles of varying revolutionary faiths. I have heard that one class in a great university in New York City was forty percent atheistic. I know of one college where a professor often used foul language in the class room and on the campus. It amused the students and for a time he got away with it and when he was discharged a large association of American professors rallied to his defense.

That to my mind is a most significant circumstance. Better, far better, for the

young to have no college training than one which misleads them. Many a college has become a refuge for moral adventurers and intellectual acrobats.

The most dangerous fool in the wide world is one who has learning and the intolerable conceit which it creates in a mind a bit off its balance.

The commercial side of collegeering has absorbed too much attention. Every college executive is forever raising money while the internal affairs of his institution are more or less neglected. He is apt to do his hiring hastily and without due investigation. He should take great pains to know the intellectual and moral history of every man and woman he engages. It should be briefly given in the catalogue so that people may know to whom they are turning over their boys and girls. A thing much needed, I think, is a closer contact between students and faculty like that offered by Rollins College in the town where I have my home.

Its president gives his friendship and his counsel to every boy and girl committed to his care. They are free to come to his house at any time for advice in relation to their personal problems. He aims to be a kind of father to the big family. It is, I am sure, a much better attitude than that of exalted austerity. Awe may be a good thing for some students but most of them are in greater need of friendship. James B. Angell knew every student at Ann Arbor by name.

CHARLES W. ELIOT once said that the ideal student carries his character in his face so plainly seen by the most casual observer that no one ever makes a dishonorable proposal to him. Where is he to get that character save in his own home?

Personality is the big thing in a teacher. What a tremendous power for good in men like "Old Bill" Sumner of Yale, "Old Greek" of Hamilton, "Old Dave" Gilman of Johns Hopkins and "Little Jim" Lowell of Harvard! These nicknames were tokens of student affection, no light conquest, you may be certain.

As a rule men have to be chiefly concerned with the work of the present. Women who have children have also the sacred task of working for the future and there is, I am sure, no task that brings a like joy to anyone.

Ladies of 1933—many of you have learned to despise the sterner standards of the Victorian time. May I remind you of its deep regard for woman often expressed in as high a type of chivalry as our world has known? When the *Titanic* was sinking two men went down with the ship because they gave their seats in the life-boats to two women. One was William T. Stead and the other John Jacob Astor. I remind you also that we thought much of the great brotherhood of man.

Women of America with all your duties do not forget that you have it in your power to save the world from the perils of lost faith and lost honor.



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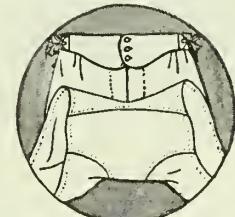
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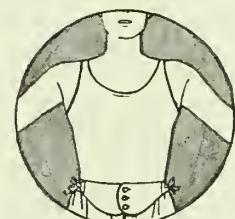
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# Drums and Bugles, Plus

(Continued from page 35)

years, the Legion is the main topic of conversation on the street corners and about the town for several days after each appearance of the corps.

During the first winter we had a hard time to hold the men together. Interest seemed to fall off and the attendance was very poor. The determination of a few men was all that pulled us through. This trouble was entirely due to the lack of a regular instructor. We had no money to pay a director and did not have anyone who would help us regularly without pay. We had help, yes, or rather we had what was intended to be help. Certain men, some of whom were members of other corps, traveled long distances to be with us on our meeting nights and did all they could to help us. But what one thought was right, the next man thought was wrong. The result was that we were soon in such a muddle that we didn't know where we were.

It was not until we secured our present director, that we began to make progress. We are fortunate indeed to have him, for he is gradually working us into a real corps, and although we know that we still can't play, we now are confident that we are on our way—and, pretty soon, look out, Salem! Sure, we hope to be national champions some day. Every other Legion drum and bugle corps has that idea, too, of course, and that is as it should be.

My advice to a new corps is this. If you can get a director who will work without pay, that is fine, provided he is a good one. A poor director will hold you back, and a volunteer is hard to get rid of. A man who is being paid is easy to fire, but if he gives his time and does his best, even though his best is not good enough, he deserves appreciation and putting him out is not a very good way of showing it.

The training that our corps received in drilling and marching was much the same as it received in music. We had men in our own organization who really knew something about drill. They were unable to instruct the corps, however, for some corps member was ready to dispute almost every command that was given. It wasn't given

right, was on the wrong foot, or had some other difficulty which the member, or usually several members, felt should be explained to the drill master. A stranger could have given the same commands and they would have been executed unquestioningly. It was not until last summer that we secured a Legionnaire from another post to give us our instruction in drilling. He has been right on the job ever since, and, if fate doesn't take him away from us, the time will come when we can march as well as play.

Lack of proper instruction in our early days was serious enough but it probably hasn't hurt the corps as much as the lack of proper attendance and proper discipline. Both were, at first, very poor. Attendance has improved until, with a few exceptions, it is very nearly as good as can be expected. The discipline in our corps is far better than it used to be but can still stand considerable improvement.

be perfectly willing to elect my worst enemy to the position of corps commander or to throw my best friend out altogether if the corps could be materially benefited thereby.

Our absentees have all sorts of foolish excuses. Some have company. Some get cold sores and can't blow, so they stay at home. Some have wives who make dates for them. And we have one little fellow, bless his heart, who has a perpetual card party that he must attend. It goes without saying that the men who lose the greatest amount of time are the ones who are most in need of practice.

Our clubhouse, where we practice, is in a residential neighborhood so we hesitate to raise a racket too late at night, but the drummers, who can work on practice pads, being less noisy than the buglers, often stay and practise after the corps has been dismissed. That is, the good drummers stay, and with them the beginners who are

really interested in learning how so that they can become a real asset to the corps. We have drummers who prefer to do all their practising while going past the reviewing stand.

The buglers are no different. They have been told over and over again that they must practise every day, if only for a few minutes. Most of them make an honest effort to do so but some are entirely indifferent, and, like the bum drummers, become enthusiastic only when approaching the reviewing stand. Then they let loose an assortment of noises that as our director has told them, sounds like a dozen Ed Wynn's saying "SO-O-o-o-o-o."

We have had to take these men and step-up their enthusiasm. They are on

their way, and may some day become good players. For all I know, I may not be a wizard myself, just yet. If so, I hope someone tells me about it.

We will have more men this season than we need and we hope to enter competitive events with a corps picked for its playing and marching ability only. Our poor



"Doggone it! Now she'll think I want 'er back!"

I am now going to tell some of our boys what I think of them, and even though I mention no names, they will know who is meant. There is, however, nothing personal in all this; in fact, some of the lads that I am putting on the pan are among my best friends. Friendship shouldn't be the guiding factor in such an organization. I would

players should realize that it is squarely up to them to learn to play or, as the corps gets better, they may find themselves musical wallflowers.

Ability to play and to march isn't the only thing that is necessary for the existence of a corps. At least, not our corps. We must have an organization with sufficient initiative and energy to raise the necessary funds. We cannot lean on the post for financial support, for the corps is the post. With a corps the size of ours in a post of only a little over a hundred it is necessary for almost every man active in post affairs to be a member of the corps. It happens that some of our rear-rank players are the hardest workers and the most loyal in money-raising campaigns and similar activities, and have in fact, done far more for the good of the corps than they would have had they been able to play like angels and done nothing else. There is not a man, not one, in the whole corps that we can afford to lose. Much better to lose the prizes, but we want both, so it is up to the slow ones to improve.

Our corps has made one bad mistake that I wish to warn others against. As I have said, we started out knowing nothing about this drum corps business. We needed a drum major and having no one available who had ever suffered the affliction, we looked about among the post members and selected the finest six-foot, straight-backed, deep-chested specimen that ever thrilled a feminine heart. Then we found someone to instruct the drummers, who were given an opportunity to learn and someone to help the buglers who were also exposed to knowledge, but we forgot that a drum major needs to know more than anyone else and left our six-foot Adonis to his own devices. The result is that the ladies fall but the judges don't. Now, however, he is on the up-and-up.

I would like to give an example of the loyalty of our men. When we bought our bus we selected a committee and gave it what was thought to be enough money, and the authority to spend it. When looking over the various buses that were offered, the committee found that the best bargain required more money. They had to agree immediately to take the bus or lose it altogether. They took it and threw the corps into debt. Was there any kick? No, not a word, the rest of the corps members were as tickled as a maid with her first sweetie. They rolled up their sleeves and went right to work raising the money.

There is really no politics in the management of our organization. The outfit has no clique. Rather, it has only one clique and every member of the corps belongs to it. When there is a job to be done the best man is selected to be the boss and everyone else gets into harness. We can't recommend to any other corps that it copy our antics on the field of competition, but we gratefully offer for what it is worth the example of teamwork and enthusiasm which is ours. The drum and bugle corps of Villa Park Post doesn't amount to so much now but we are on the way and are moving fast.

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# Off Again, Back Again

(Continued from page 27)

an office he held under four administrations, when his expanding private practice induced him to relinquish it.

Just now Dyke is back at his practice from his third extensive vacation. In 1932 he moved to New York City to become chairman of the Veterans Division of the National Democratic Campaign Committee, and as such to direct the activities of Democratic veterans' political clubs in every State in the Union in the interest of the candidacy of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Dyke feels that he earned the right to this particular lay-off. His law partner, John D. M. Hamilton, is about as high in the councils of the Republican party in

Kansas as Dyke is in those of the opposition, and in 1930 it had fallen to Mr. O'Neil to hold down the big end of the firm's business while Mr. Hamilton served as Chairman of the Republican State Committee.

Mr. O'Neil is understood to have declined a Federal appointment under President Roosevelt which, for the time being, would seem to eliminate "vacation" No. 4. He has enough to do, he says, in Kansas. The law practice of O'Neil & Hamilton is one of the most extensive in the State. Judges have made especial comment on the care with which Ralph T. O'Neil prepares his cases, his cogency in

argument and the courtesy with which he meets opposing counsel. Mr. O'Neil is also a director of several life insurance companies and a member of the Board of Regents which is the governing body of all the public educational institutions in Kansas from the State University down. But the real things that keep him home are the big, tree-sheltered white house on Woodlawn Avenue, Topeka, and the gracious lady who was Margaret Heizer—and two lively youngsters. Robert Heizer O'Neil is 13 and Ralph, Junior, 10, which means that it is about time they decided whether to play shortstop or in the outfield. Dyke means that they shall decide right.

# The Golden Fleece

(Continued from page 20)

Coronado tradition, retired to the coast where he built himself a house, the door knobs of which were of gold. A couple of years ago I met Meyers prospecting in Death Valley. He was broke, but his hope was boundless.

Hope—that's what Tomesha grows and thrives on. The alkali waste that won't support an Arizona cactus yields a crop of expectation that overtops the Rockies.

Still, it wasn't all hope that started Tonopah and Goldfield off as two of those Seven Cities of old Cibola. The silver mines at Tonopah which Butler's mule uncovered yielded a high grade ore and plenty of it. At Goldfield, the Mohawk, the Jumbo, and the Florence—all gold deposits as the mines at Tonopah only twenty-seven miles north were all silver—were turning out ore the like of which hadn't been seen. It is said that one express car load shipped from there to the smelter was worth over seven hundred thousand dollars.

What the sale of stock in those mines netted the owners would make these figures look sick.

That was the big surprise that came to the fellows like Al Meyers who had grub staked the original finders and had sold out on the first wave of prosperity. Where Meyers sold an interest, the St. Louis distiller had sold stock. And the stock, floated in all the big cities east of the Rockies, and sold in 'Frisco and in Canada, had all the publicity of the recent Klondike boom to put it over. It went over. Big. The public ate it up and clamored for more. Everybody wanted to get rich. Everybody wanted to draw money from its source, in the rock. Everybody wanted to play Coronado and Cabeza de Vaca and Ponce de Leon.

The Mohawk was only the beginning. There were, also at Goldfield, the Jumbo

and the Florence, and stock in all of these to be had for dollars. At Greenwater, over the California line in the Funeral Mountains, was a copper prospect. It is said that Charles M. Schwab spent close to one million dollars developing it. A town sprang up. The nearest water was eighteen miles away, but they hauled it in in hogsheads, with mule teams. The town had grown to 16,000 or so before the end came. It had two newspapers. Today the town site looks like certain villages around Mt. Kemmel when the Armistice came. But between the day of the discovery of the ore and now, the profits on the sale of the stock have been nearly two millions.

From Goldfield the glittering tide of fortune swung to a new strike forty miles south. Rhyolite, they called it. Men moved their houses down over the desert with mule teams. They scratched out a town site on the sand and set up the houses in streets. It wasn't all rough stuff, either. There were balls for which florists in 'Frisco and Los Angeles sent out boxes of cut flowers. There was music, there were caterers, also from the cities on the coast. There was champagne.

Such were the days of the Great Boom. Spacious days, they were. Days when Tex Rickard promoted the great Gans-Nelson fight; when George Wingfield, who later was angel to a dozen or more old prospectors, grub staking them in their hunts, limped into the town broke and hungry, but hopeful. Days of heroic games of stud poker played for stakes to make the Prince of Monaco green with envy.

But all the time the boom was going good, the boomerang was going better. Unfortunately a mine, however high grade its ore, isn't the same thing as a manufacturing business in the sense that the more you develop it the better prospects

this ensures for the future. With a mine, the more you take out the less you have left. It's hard, but it works that way. And so there came an end. The golden lake dried up. Engineers measured and calculated, and sank new shafts. They talked sagely of "drifts and lava flows." New issues of stock were printed to raise the money for the new explorations. And this new issue sold itself on the strength of the figures the companies could show of past yields.

Fortune flitted away, and with her the Schwabs and the Rickards, the St. Louis distiller and others who had followed him. The "high graders"—experienced miners who had come at the beginning of the boom from Cripple Creek, who had commanded better wages because of their experience than the other men, and who had brought with them from the Colorado fields a way of secreting the bits of high grade ore they took out each day, and diverting these to their own private treasures—these "high graders" who had spent money freely in the towns now faced each other across the tables in the clubs and said, "What next?"

True, there were still hundreds of square miles of rocky ridges rising out of the desert, any one of which might hold another bonanza. There were, too, legends and rumors of found and lost mines for hope to feed upon. Men began to search again for the vein of pinkish feldspar that Breyfogle, fleeing from Indians in Death Valley who had murdered his two partners, found once, and never could locate again. The Breyfogle mine has been one of the chimeras of Tomesha. Whenever there's nothing else to do, men go off into the Funerals and hunt for it. George Hearst, the father of William Randolph Hearst, had a piece of the original Breyfogle ore. Because of what it promised he kept a

party looking for it for almost two years.

Here and there companies held on and continued to do a little work so as not to disappoint the share holders who continued, marvelously, to put up money for this. America was still, apparently, willing to pay for her game of treasure hunting whether anything came of it or not. Therefore, nice young salesmen are still selling shares in the rural districts back East; selling them, too, in England and in India; and the officers of the companies are driving around in four thousand dollar cars, and everybody is happy even though nothing is coming out of the mine but hot air.

And hope and speculation in the shares, once started, persist.

"See that chap," a man pointed out a shambling figure. "He's got eighteen thousand shares of \_\_\_\_\_ mine stock. Most of it he's bought at six cents a share. He knows the ore they're taking out isn't yielding expenses but he can't help hoping. Scrimps and starves and saves to go on buying shares. He won't even spend the dime for a pair of shoe laces. Uses the strings off hams, instead."

For Tomesha has learned its lesson, learned it from pretty experienced teachers, meaning those wise men out of the East who came in with the Big Boom and went away with the big profits. And the lesson is this—a property that may be worth four hundred thousand dollars to the original owners, is worth four millions of dollars to those who can sell stock in it. And stock selling is a lot less back breaking than digging the stuff out of the earth.

The Weepah strike that happened some six or seven years ago is indicative of this. Two brothers reported the finding of high grade gold in a badger hole on their property, north of Tonopah. There was the first mild fluttering of a boom—tents sprouting on the desert, a score of caravans, a hot dog and hot cakes stand, and the inevitable club with a faro game running twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four. There was a gathering, too, of old "desert rats," some of whom dated from the big days of '90 and '95. I remember one old fellow, Two Gun Hicks, they called him, in a long overcoat made of a mustang's hide and a beard to put Robinson Crusoe to shame.

Well, the gold was there, all right. You could see it lining the hole under the wooden trap door the sheriff unlocked to show to visitors. The dark earth yawned aureally, like the smile of a negro dentist.

The set was perfect, including "Two Gun." It looked like the big days of the West come alive again. But somehow the thing didn't go over. Not the way it should. The big fellows from the East didn't come—they may have been after even bigger game in Wall Street at that time. As a result Weepah faded out of the newspapers, and the badger hole remains today pretty much as it was then.

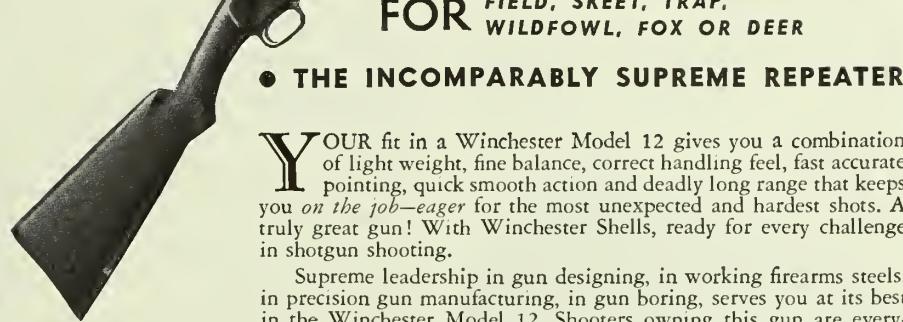
As I say, this story is indicative. Tomesha hasn't given up all her wealth, not by a long shot. There are still, already located and others (Continued on page 48)

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# The Golden Fleece

(Continued from page 47)

not yet found, deposits throughout that country that will yield ore if not of the highest grade, at least worth the bringing out. Three years in the region have made me convinced of that. There are, too, old mines that were worked for a while and later abandoned when the ore fell off and men's standard of what was worth working at were set by the phenomenal yields of the Mohawk and the Goldfield Florence. My partner and I leased and worked one such mine—lead—and though we had to haul the ore fifty miles to the nearest railroad stop, it was worth working until the depression sent the price of all metals down out of sight.

In ordinary times it is perfectly possible to make more than day's wages out of such properties. For those who like that kind of life—the wide magnificence of the desert, the long, dry, sun-filled days; the nights sometimes too full of stars to sleep; hours of sweating, muscle stretching labor—well, it's there still. That much of the old days of the West remains.

The chief difficulty in working any of these small or abandoned claims that I speak of is the distance from them to a point from which ore can be shipped. And the want of roads. A good motor truck is practically a necessity. And a truck won't go everywhere. Sometimes it means packing in and out with burros.

That's the way it is with The Last Chance.

The Last Chance belongs to Frank Hicks—not any relation to "Two Gun" that I know of. Frank has been working at it for twenty years. A brother of his, who worked for Death Valley Scotty down at the Grapevine Ranch, had grubstaked him. What he has located is a vein of gold that crosses a narrow canyon leading out of the upper end of Death Valley. The prospect is five thousand feet above sea level. And, though there is water there to make a camp possible, there is no assurance that the vein runs deep enough to pay for bringing men and machinery that distance. The workings show a good grade of gold ore that assays from eight to forty dollars a ton. How far the vein runs is all guess work.

Frank, the last time I saw him, was asking a quarter of a million dollars for The Last Chance. Two hundred and fifty thousand, and in cash. He offered, after we'd sat an hour or so by his fire and talked, or just said nothing and looked at the stars, to pay my way back to New York and give me a share in the prospect if I'd promote it for him. The thing has never paid him a dollar.

I think of him sometimes, out there in that high, desolate canyon, not seeing another human being for three months at a time, working all alone, with hand tools, opening up a thousand feet or so of the golden stream in the rock. Lying by his fire at night with his dreams. Keeping

watch for twenty years over a quarter of a million dollars.

Some day, no doubt, as men's need for gold goes on, The Last Chance will give up its treasure, whatever and in what amount that may be. But of this I'm sure—if Frank gets his quarter million, the one who pays it to him will get his money back ten, maybe twenty times over. The great American public that loves to gamble with El Dorado will see to that.

My friend, old Barney who camps through the winters near Shoshone, knows this.

"Come spring, Dick," said Barney, "Do you know what I'm going to do?"

"What?" I said.

"Just what I always do. There's an Indian here as knows me—he'll lend me a couple o' burros. I'll pack over to the edge of Death Valley by Furnace Creek and lay around there for a while. Waitin' for the high grade tourists. You know."

"And then what?" I said.

"Oh, I'll get me a pan or two and some sand. And I'll send up to Denver to a house I know there for some brass nuggets. Buy them by the gross, you can. When those fellows from the East come along in their automobiles they'll see me washin' the sand, and the nuggets just rollin' around in the pan. . . ."

He smiled slowly, wisely, indulgently.

"It's a good game, Dick. And they like it."

## A Latchstring Out in Paris

(Continued from page 21)

grab-bag of varied but genuine Americana which he good-naturedly tossed to Paris. Upon landing here, these diverse elements were sorted out, adapted to France and to each other, and finally welded together as Pershing Hall.

Included in these elements were "a little red school house," a photographic honor roll of United States heroes; a Ship-Penniless-Americans-Back-to-the-U. S. A. Bureau; an Elks' lodge room; a Moose gymnasium; a hometown library; a Franco-American museum and art gallery, plus cozy club rooms, frequented now and then by President Roosevelt and Amos and Andy—via the radio. Also: a moving picture theatre; a lecture hall; a landing place, once a year, for an American Santa Claus; and a war reference library.

It was not necessary for our giant to furnish the American buffet-bar (a very popular feature) where American sandwiches accompany French wines and beers, and where—it is worthy of note—French temperance and French moderation are the invariable rule.

As this enumeration indicates, Pershing Hall is neither sectional nor sectarian nor partisan; creed and class cut no ice here; all are equally welcome. Although it is the home of Paris Post and its Auxiliary Unit, although it serves as a sort of Legion embassy in Paris, representing the Legion at large, nevertheless it is much more than this. It greets and serves Americans who are outside of the Legion, and when the last Legionnaire has faded away, Pershing Hall will remain as a center of Americanism in Paris, since it is managed by a self-perpetuating corporation.

When the grandchildren and great grandchildren, now unborn, of A. E. F. veterans visit France in let us say 1998 A. D., Pershing Hall will be there to stimulate their patriotism. It will, then as now, house souvenirs of historical value, priceless documents and war records, memorials to the A. E. F. dead, and so keep alive for future generations the purest sentiments and highest motives of the Americans who took part in the World War.

In 1998 Pershing Hall will certainly be

the Town Hall of the "American City of Paris," as it is today.

Certainly, in 1998 as now, the "little red school house," which really isn't red, will enable Franco-American kiddies to absorb the Americanism of their A. E. F. forefathers. On Christmas Eve, then as now, American children will gather about a toy-filled tree to sing Yule-tide carols.

In 1998 as today, physicians will give lectures, illustrated with moving pictures, on how to cure and prevent diseases. Then, as in November, 1932, Americans will stage election night radio parties.

Then, as today, Americans will certainly come to Pershing Hall every day for advice and help and guidance, whether medical, legal, or otherwise practical. But we hope before another century dawns that the Ship-Penniless-Americans-Back-to-the-U. S. A. Bureau will have shut up shop, due to lack of clients. This bureau, which performs a necessary and difficult job, is now operated in connection with the American Aid Society. (Just a friendly parenthesis: No new clients from

America are desired. We already have more local business than we can handle, and so we issue this candid warning to all Americans who may be suffering from that well-nigh universal I-want-to-go-to-Paris fever. Don't do it, please—unless you have a safe-  
ful of cash.) Repatriating A. E. F. veterans, their families and other Americans stranded here has become a poignant, heart-rending problem. We are doing the best we can to find a proper solution.

The "American City of Paris," although it has no mayor and no city council, is fortunate in possessing enlightened, public-spirited, and self-sacrificing citizens such as Francis E. Drake, president of Pershing Hall, one of its founders, and today its guiding spirit. For more than three decades Colonel Drake has been a "business ambassador" in Paris, loving and admiring France, but conserving his Americanism intact. He served as United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition in 1900; for years he was director for Europe of the Westinghouse interests; during the war he was chief of staff for General Dawes. Today Pershing Hall is his job, his hobby, his dominating passion. His presidency is not of the easy, honorary variety, all flowers and nothing to do—quite the contrary. It involves real work, definite tasks, and daily duties; every morning, the colonel is at his desk, making plans, solving problems, and developing the scope of Pershing Hall. Aided by competent collaborators, he has made it what it is today. It may be recalled that Colonel Drake was the first commander of the Department of France, The American Legion; further, during 1921, he accompanied Marshal Foch, as aide-de-camp, on his historic tour of the United States.

Pershing Hall was dedicated on November 11, 1931, by President Doumer of France, that sterling gentleman who lost four sons in battle and who himself died a patriot's death, victim of an assassin's bullet. Further, since Pershing Hall is located in Paris, since it is consecrated to the memory of Yankee soldiers who fell on French battlefields, a spirit of friendliness toward France pervades the entire structure. Especially is this so in the Franco-American museum where ageing letters, fading reports, hallowed souvenirs and the artistic depiction of historic events visualize how the United States and France, in the past, have stood shoulder to shoulder for principles which they both held sacred.

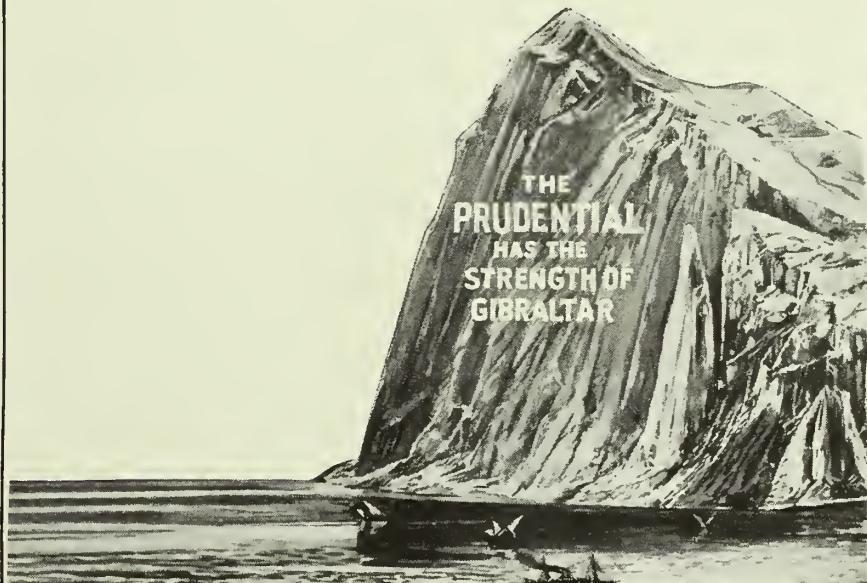
We have no desire to pin medals on ourselves. But, in all frankness, we (and this we includes the best elements of the American colony in Paris) are not ashamed of our service record. It bears witness to competent work, intelligently done, for America, for France, for understanding and peace. So we invite all Americans, when they come to Paris, to look us over, to give us a thorough inspection, and thus get acquainted with the Center of Americanism which we, in their behalf, are operating "over here."

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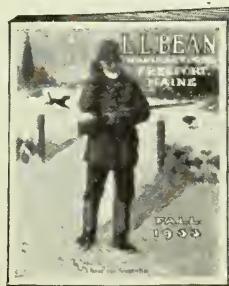
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# Late Harvest

(Continued from page 9)

ask you a question about a little matter."

"Why, certainly," said Caleb. "What's the matter? You had an accident?"

"No. It's about life insurance."

"Well, that's out o' my line," said Caleb, "but you ask anyway. Maybe I can help you."

"Well," began Mrs. Sohier, "you saw that lawyer here this morning. He's comin' back to see me tonight, an' I know what he's after. I owe some money down the valley, and he wants to see what chance there is of my payin' it. Well, now, I haven't got it. Maybe they'll sell me out. But what I want to know is, can they touch my husband's insurance?"

"Your husband?"

"He's dead. He was killed in the war and the Gov'ment's been payin' me his life insurance. It's all I got in the world, except this business, and if they took it away from me I'd be in bad shape. Now can they do that?"

"No," said Caleb, "they can't. Don't worry. Life insurance ain't attachable. They can't touch it."

Mrs. Sohier smiled, but still stood twisting her apron.

"There's another thing," she said finally, "and bein' you're in the business, I'm goin' to ask you about it. My husband, you know—he's dead, and I shouldn't say it, but he was a little off, you know what I mean?—he was killed in the war. That was a long time ago. Now last month I read in the paper about a man that was supposed to have been killed and he was alive and walkin' round and didn't know he was supposed to be dead, until he applied for some new medal they have, and the people in Washington told him he was dead."

"How surprised he must have been!"

"Well, he had a good right to be," went on Mrs. Sohier, "but the thing worries me is that such things happen. Suppose now my husband wasn't really dead after all, and was to walk in here on me some day, how'd I ever pay back fourteen years of life insurance the Gov'ment's been giving me?"

"If you got his insurance," smiled Caleb, "then you're entitled to it, don't worry. I'm in the insurance business myself. You don't fool the company, nor you don't fool Uncle Sam neither!"

"Well, I guess not," sighed Mrs. Sohier. "They sent me some certificates, too. Then the town gave me one, with all his record on it. Let me show 'em to you. They're in the parlor here."

Caleb followed Mrs. Sohier in, and she displayed with some pride a framed certificate of service. The various things on it meant nothing to Caleb, except that in the center of it were the words, "Killed in Action at Bois de l'Orme, France, October 18, 1918." Without came the sound of buggy wheels and his father's shout.

"I wouldn't worry about it," said Caleb again. "That man you read about in the

paper didn't have any insurance; otherwise they'd investigated a little more closely." Then he ran out and climbed into the buggy.

The road turned off very soon into the mountains, and began to go up and up, the buggy bumping over the projecting stones.

"Funny about that Mrs. Sohier," said Caleb's father after a time, "she always is startin' somethin' she can't finish. Now take that feller she married. She married him to make a man of him, but Sohier didn't want to be made a man. He was a good enough lad, but he didn't hanker after work. I hear she led him a life. Best thing he did was to go in the army. She was shut of him for two years, and when he didn't come back she got ten thousand dollars."

"I hear that's all she's got to live on," remarked Lawyer Godfrey. "It's lucky it's in insurance. She owes a little money down my way, and they're likely to press her for it."

"She's got a brother to Brattleboro," said Caleb's father. "Name is Marshall. Know him?"

"Come to think of it, I do. The Horn Band was off on some kind of a junket, and he was in askin' for contributions. I give him halfa dollar. Mrs. Sohier's brother is he?"

"Yup. How I know he is," went on Caleb's father, "there was some talk of gettin' this Sohier boy a medal. It seems he was found in a hole with seven Germans he'd done for. It was in the night, and they was creepin' up to attack our boys, so the story goes, and he seen 'em first. Well, there was talk after the war that he should have had a medal, and Marshall went after it to see what could be done, but it petered out, and we never heard any more of it."

The rain continued to pour down, and the mist got heavier. Mr. Godfrey left them finally at one of those farms that cling to the mountainside like an eagle's nest, and the buggy toiled on its way. It grew colder higher up the mountain, and Caleb, thrusting his hands deeper into his pockets to warm them, felt a piece of paper that he did not remember. He pulled it out, shielding it from the rain. It was the newspaper account of the LaTouche funeral. Ah, that case! He did not want to think of that thing any more to ruin his vacation! Still, it was part of the records of the case and he must not lose it. As he folded the clipping to put it in his pocket-book, the words "Bois de l'Orme" caught his eye. "Wounded at Bois de l'Orme October 18, 1918." Where had he seen those words before? Heedless of the rain that spattered it, Caleb read the clipping through.

Bois de l'Orme! That was where Mrs. Sohier's husband had been killed. But this clipping was about LaTouche, the accident victim. Funny, that, that those two men, one from Maryland and the other

from Vermont, should have come together on that far away battlefield! LaTouche ashamed of his record, Sohier's widow proud of his! The fog rolled down across the fields like smoke, shutting out the woods beyond. Caleb's father, after a particularly sharp ascent, allowed the horse to stop and breathe a minute.

"If this rain keeps on," he remarked, "we'll have high water and sweep our new grist mill clean down to Montpilivur!"

Caleb, his mind still on the two soldiers, made no reply. There was Sohier, that deserved a medal he had not got, and LaTouche, that had one probably undeserved.

"What's the matter, Caleb?" demanded his father. "What ye jumpin' round about? Ye cold?"

"I was just thinkin'," said Caleb, "that I'll bet boots to buttons LaTouche got the medal that was meant for Sohier!"

"How's that?" asked his father.

"Nuthin'. If it keeps on to rain, I think I'll go down the mountain again this afternoon, and have a talk with Lawyer Godfrey!"

UPON a Saturday morning, not quite two weeks later, McClusky looked up from a folder he was examining, to see Caleb Lake standing before him.

"Lake!" exclaimed McClusky. "Back early from vacation, huh? Whaddyuh want, enough money to keep you till pay-day?"

"Where's the LaTouche folder?" asked Caleb calmly.

"Whaddyuh want with it?"

"I want to close it out!"

"Close it out?" roared McClusky. "You been sittin' in the hot sun! The only way you'll close that case out is by payin' a large hunk of minted coin of the realm, and don't forget it! After the pass you made at gainin' the plaintiff's good will, the price won't be no lower either. Close it out? Whaddyuh mean, close it out? LaTouche come to life again?"

"No. But he's been dead longer than we thought. Fourteen years, as a matter of fact!"

McClusky turned his chair to a file case, and took out a folder that he examined carefully.

"There's a death certificate here, and report of inquest," said he finally, "and they don't bear no such date!"

"No, because the man that was killed in that accident was a man named Sohier!"

"Yeh, well what happened to LaTouche?"

"I said," replied Caleb, "that he'd been dead for fourteen years."

"Well, what of it?" snapped McClusky, irritated by Caleb's complacent manner. "We gotta pay for him, haven't we, no matter if his name is LaTouche or Sohier or MacFadden or Kosotsky? Who cares what his name is? He was in the car, and that's all that's necessary!"

"Yeh, but we haven't got to pay Mrs. LaTouche!"

"An' why not?" demanded McClusky

with narrowed eyelids. "You dug up something? If you have, spill it!"

"When I was in Vermont," began Caleb, "I run onto a lady whose husband was killed in the war. That is, so she'd heard. The Gov'ment paid her his life insurance. Well, she read in the paper about a man was supposed to have been killed, that was still alive, and didn't know he was dead until Washington told him he was. Well, now, she was worried suppose her husband was still alive and should appear, would she have to pay back his insurance money? I said no. Well, with that she takes me into the parlor to see his certificate she's got framed on the wall. And what do you think, he was killed in the same battle that LaTouche was wounded in!"

"Yeh, well what of it?"

"One man had a medal he never told anyone about, and the other should have had one he never got. And I found out, inquirin' round, that everyone agreed that it was a wonder either of 'em had ever been mentioned for a medal, bein' as neither one of 'em apparently had the spunk of a rabbit! Thinks I, suppose LaTouche, in some way, got the medal that was intended for Sohier? I'll work on those lines; maybe somethin' interestin' will come out of it."

"Come to a point here, will you?" urged McClusky. "We got cases here piled as high as the Custom House tower. Did anything come out of it, yes or no?"

"Yes, because after a while I began to think, suppose LaTouche and Sohier were the same man?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Because LaTouche was supposed to come from Maryland, but he talked like me, and there's only one place in the world where they talk like I do, and that's in the Winooski Valley in Vermont!"

"That the only reason?" sneered McClusky.

"No. The day of the accident LaTouche was drunk early in the morning, although he wasn't a drinking man. Why? Because there was a drum corps from Brattleboro, Vermont, in town that day, and his own brother-in-law was in it. He must have seen 'em, and it frightened him. Probably ever since he'd married the second time he'd been afraid he'd be caught at it sooner or later! Another thing, all these soldiers have a bonus certificate. LaTouche didn't have any. Never applied for it. Why not? Because they take your finger prints when you do, and he knew his didn't match with those on LaTouche's papers in Washington! Now wait. All I could find out about both these men was that they were a pair of lads born tired, with no hankerin' to do a day's work, and no backbone no more than a jellyfish. Yet they both had done a brave act in the war. Yeh, but it was LaTouche that did the act, and got killed, and Sohier had got the credit for it. And all those people in Framingham that were telling me about LaTouche, they were really telling me about Sohier, because every one of 'em remarked (Continued on page 52)



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and get new ones. Course by that time these two widows may have changed their minds and they'll both sue us, and let the courts decide whose husband got killed in the accident, but that's a chance we'll have to take. If I was on vacation, the agreements ain't binding. If they are, then I wasn't on a vacation, and am still entitled to one."

McClusky's face flamed red, then whitened, then flamed again, like a hot coal blown upon by the wind. Boiling sounds came from his throat, but finally they died away.

"Lake," said he sadly, "I didn't think

that o' you." There was a long pause. "I'll write a memo to the personnel manager that due to emergency you had to change your vacation date to next two weeks instead of as scheduled. But don't think you put it over! Tell me, now, just as man to man, when you went out of here two weeks ago, you was just as set on goin' on your vacation as you are now! And your father's hay that you told me about, that you had to get in! What made you change your mind?"

"It rained," smiled Caleb. "The hay wouldn't have been ready to cut till two weeks later anyway."

## The Voice of The Legion

(Continued from page 36)

With authority for the formation of the organization established, the committee has devised a national set-up. This was approved May 4-5, 1933, by the National Executive Committee, which is to have complete authority over the organization in the future.

The national set-up, in accordance with national convention action, has given particular attention to that phase which includes the participation by Sons of The American Legion in the Legion's program of service. Such suggestions are included in the manual available on request from department headquarters, together with details as to the preparation and organization of a junior squadron by a post and the installation thereof.—*Minnesota Legionnaire*.

### THE VETERANS—AND THE GANGS

THE members of The American Legion in Lucas County are watching the solution of the Kennedy murder case with peculiar interest and with great hope, because of the fact that Sheriff David Krieger and Prosecuting Attorney Frazier Reams are popular and active members of the veterans' organization. Their comrades feel that these two men—of opposing political party affiliations—have in the present situation an opportunity, not only of great service to Toledo in breaking the back of the vicious gang which controls the underworld here and of thus advancing their own public futures, but of reflecting some indirect credit on the Legion as well.

Since the war many have believed that veterans have not received a full share of political preference. Here is a chance to demonstrate to the public that the Legion has in its ranks men of high ability and absolute fearlessness. We of the Legion know that about Frazier and Dave; we want the public to know it, too. While the difficulties of the present case are great we are hoping that the intense efforts these two officials are making will result in complete success.

Prosecutor Reams has recently won praise from his comrades for his able han-

dling of the Vacchiano murder case. Another well-known Legionnaire, Lee Murlin, recently performed a most unusual and outstanding public service, in the courageous spirit one might expect of a soldier, when as Assistant U. S. District Attorney, he succeeded in spite of great legal difficulties and personal hazards, in convicting Yonnie Licavoli for the second time in that polished gentleman's hectic career, during which he had been tried some twenty-five or more times. His only previous conviction was at the hands of Canadian authorities, on the charge of carrying concealed weapons.

Comrade Murlin has led the way, in a case which compares in national importance with the Capone conviction. That the local racketeers are, however, only scotched and not yet killed, is proved by the cowardly murder of the bootlegger Kennedy. We hope that our county authorities will follow through with a conviction which will rid Toledo of the domination of the gun and bomb.—*American Legion Councillor, Toledo, Ohio*.

### "BUY AMERICAN"

LAST December, inspired by the action of The American Legion in Michigan, spurred on by the support of patriotic newspapers, and picked up by American Legion posts and other organizations all over the land, the "Buy American" movement became something that attracted the attention of the world.

Then came the bank holiday. Other things filled the papers. "Buy American" seemed a bit beside the issue, perhaps, when it had become a matter of not being able to buy anything, or hardly anything. Funds tied up in banks could not be spent.

Eventually some of the banks opened. Some of the money was released. Some banks released their entire deposits to the order of their depositors . . .

The Legion, more now than ever, should revive interest in "Buy American." The Industrial Recovery Act will, it is expected, put millions of dollars into public works. The wages paid to (Continued on page 64)

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## Wherever There Was a Fight

(Continued from page 25)

more than sixty years previously. A force of Regulars was ordered to Vera Cruz; and when the Army follows up the Navy affairs look serious. I arrived in time to see Major General Frederick Funston, whom I had known in the Philippines, disembark at the head of the first army contingent.

That old friend was not to live for our entry into the World War, nor was Jack London who was among the correspondents. Richard Harding Davis, too, was to go before the World War was over.

"Where's your war?" Jack would ask as he sat at his favorite table in the café looking out on the Plaza. "Start it soon, or call it off, so I can get back to California."

While our occupation was "smoking Huerta out" there was nothing to do except sentry-go in the tropic heat. Davis, Medill McCormick, later Senator, and I started for Mexico City by train. At the first station beyond our lines we were the enforced guests of a squad of Huerta's soldiers who escorted us to the cuartel with bayonets fixed. There we were placed incommunicado—looking out on whitewashed walls of the kind where malcontents were lined up to be shot—and our guard made us stop whistling and humming snatches of tunes, after we had been relieved of even our pocket knives, and higher authorities were deciding the Gringoes' fate.

It was decided that Dick and Medill might go on to Mexico City, but my papers were not good enough. I was not even to be allowed to return by train to Vera Cruz. I was taken to the Mexican picket lines and told to vamoose back to the American line, which was about three miles away. It was a long three miles through hot sand under the tropical sun; and, as I proceeded, I had in mind the good old Spanish custom of the *ley del fuego*, which allows prisoners to escape so they can be put down in the books as shot while trying to escape. I was not at all certain that some insurrecto might think he would finish one Gringo, anyhow—for there would be no one to tell the tale of how I came to my end.

When an American sentry hailed the traveller who was carrying a small dress-suit case, and he had frisked me, an explanation was in order to the lieutenant commanding the outpost.

"It seems to me that you are a good deal of a damn fool," he said "to be wandering around between the lines in this fashion." I agreed with him.

Smallpox, as well as train wrecks took its toll of casualties from the insurrectos. I found that a lieutenant who half rose from his cot in a barracks to shake hands with me had the smallpox. Since a certain night in the Russo-Japanese War I had concluded—and I had not been

vaccinated since I was a boy—that I was immune. Worn by want of sleep, in black dark and cold pouring rain, I came to the door of a house. It was shelter. I dropped on the *kang*, and slept—to awake to find that I was between two cases of smallpox in the ripe stage. Smallpox did not worry me, and many close calls, did not worry me as much as the cow. I was never more relieved than when she stepped off the track.

And I do not forget that I saw Villa—the then famous Francisco Villa, who enjoyed playing up to his rascallion reputation, as Mexico's he-est he-man. He had prominently displayed, in his pocket, the huge fountain pen which he had bought to prove to the sceptical that he could write his own name, even if he could not read all that the Gringo papers were saying about him. Beginning as a bandit, raising his own army and promoting himself, he had become master of the great province of Chihuahua in rivalry with chieftains Carranza and Obregon in neighboring provinces. Pershing's first burst of fame was in leading the expedition in chase of the Villaistas after they had raided Columbus, New Mexico.

While I was junketing about among the insurgents—who were always threatening and never starting a fight—we had meager news about the assassination of Crown Prince Ferdinand at Sarajevo. I had been in that country once on an alarm of war. "Look out for trouble in the Balkans!" was the old warning. Then, on July 30th, came the cable from my editor, while I was in Monterey with the Carranzistas, "General European War seems inevitable. Haste back!" I hastened.

Was that mighty conflict, which the world so long dreaded, about to begin? Were the great conscript armies of Europe about to clash? I could not believe it. It was as inconceivable as that the moon would hit the earth. I had seen other troubles in the Balkans, war in the Balkans, and still the statesmen of Europe had been able to isolate the fighting. Surely they would now prevent the assassination of a prince from starting such an orgy of mass-killing as the world had never known. But they could not. At least, they did not.

Germany, France, Austria, and Russia had already declared war before I reached New York, and as I boarded the *Lusitania* came the news of England's declaration, on August fourth. Two weeks later I was with the Belgian outposts facing the gathering of the German hosts for their drive through Belgium and on Paris. I knew how trained, how powerful, and prepared those hosts were. Even then I wrote that unless Germany crushed France at once I knew that it would be a long war. The world held its breath in suspense as the German flags advanced on the map.

Back to England from Belgium I crossed the Channel to see the British wounded coming back from Mons, and then the French and British in retreat—my Mexican experience seeming already in distant age on another planet.

Then I was seeing what I could of “the race to the sea”—the stream of Belgian and French wounded through Dunkerque, as the Belgians flooded the Dixmude region to assist their defense of the last sliver of their country in their possession.

I had reached this front simply by boarding a French troop train being hurried forward, and making myself as agreeable and companionable as possible. All I had seen so far was through personal enterprise, good luck, and the good offices of friends. Correspondents were not supposed to peep through the blanket of “the fog of war” with which the censorship screened all armies.

“We'll never have any newspaper men with our army,” said the French. But the British government decided that, aside from a few British, they would allow one American correspondent to represent the whole press of the United States at the British front. This was better than nothing, concluded the American press associations, who chose me as the one.

But it did not mean that I was to get to the front—not at once. Lord Kitchener thrust out that great jaw of his when he said to me: “There's nothing for you to see that you can report”—as he visualized the shambles of the Ypres salient where the British stalled with every man they could summon to retain that strip of land between their backs and the sea. I recall how I finally put my argument to the British staff in a way that was convincing.

“If you let the correspondents you have accredited go to the front,” I said, “your censor will probably pass some item, which will patch out the picture puzzle for German intelligence with information that may cost British soldiers' lives.”

“That's just the point.” I had admitted it—agreed with their view. They chortled.

“But, what about morale?” I asked. “Don't you want the people back of the army? Don't you want the soldiers' spirit high?”

They did.

“Was there ever a perfectly planned battle? Ever a perfect general, or battalion or company commander? Ever an action in which there was not some mistake that must have cost some lives?”

This, also, they did not attempt to deny.

“And the people are expected to accept the official word as gospel? They are to have no check on the official *communiqué*. Will they keep up heart, or their sons and husbands at the front, keep up heart, as they would if they read newspaper accounts of the soldiers' doings?”

I added that a censor's deletion of items of military (Continued on page 56)



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# Wherever There Was a Fight

(Continued from page 55)

information for the enemy, was all right, but that, as an American, I did not want to go to the front if I were expected to say just what the staff told me to say.

Under these conditions Lord Kitchener's consent was won, and the British was the first army to have correspondents regularly attached to its headquarters at the front.

Across the span of years I smile over my first night in a British trench. It was a very quiet trench at one side of the savage Ypres area of which I was to have later experience, which gave me more than enough excitement. It happened that I became suspicious that the two young officers, who were my hosts, appeared to be cooking up some sort of a surprise for me in collusion with a sardonic old top-sergeant. At our evening meal in the dug-out, after we had got to know one another, one of the officers suddenly excused himself.

"When we found that you were an old hand," he said upon his return, "I decided to call it off."

"You would not have given me much of a surprise," I said, "In fact I was looking forward to a good grin."

"Yes, I thought you had twigged our little plan for your entertainment."

They had arranged a "plant" which was often used to make trench visitors think that they were seeing the real thing. Two or three traverses were to be vacated and some bombs to be tossed in to give the impression the Germans were raiding us.

I was seeing the real thing when the British were organizing their new lines when they had gained some ground in the Neuve Chapelle offensive. Then I had an experience of trench warfare in winter mud, which was to characterize all trench war-

fare for me, even after I had been in many other trenches to witness the same grim drudgery in which no romance was left.

In places, in this new line before Neuve Chapelle, there were no trenches. The Germans and the British were hugging the mud as they faced each other. As they plied their spades—there was a lack of sand-bags—the soupy mud slipped back as fast as it was piled. In a relatively drier spot the Germans were digging in only four or five yards away from the British, and both sides had concluded they had enough troubles of their own without tossing bombs back and forth. This huggermugger business was the answer to the views of many theorists before the World War that modern machine and artillery fire would prevent armies from getting nearer than a mile to each other.

Theory—and this the practice! It's the fellow behind the lines who does the theorizing and the fellow in front who gets the practice. Being shot at was unpleasant enough, but I remember most keenly the misty, enveloping, penetrating cold. Your clothes were slimy with that cold mud. If you tried to sit down or lie down it was in a sea of cold mud. The mud was too deep for retreat or for advance. Both lines were stalled in the mud.

As soon as dawn came some cocky German snipers in trees had plenty of targets. The answer was blasts of fire into the branches of every tree in sight. "Got him!" as a green lump fell out of a tree. If I were to pick the scene of the next war I am to attend it will be warm and dry in winter—which, you will remember, is not true in France. And you who were there in the trenches in winter need no telling—and there is no way of telling those who were not.

With side trips to the French front, I was with the British as they grimly held on while they waited for new factories to rise and make more guns and munitions and the New Army to be trained. Then I saw the New Army through the months of the long battle of the Somme, as it paid the heavy price for piecemeal gains, even as we paid it in the Meuse-Argonne.

After the British had found it worth while, the other armies accepted regular groups of correspondents. War correspondence had lost its old glamor and freedom at the same time that war had lost its glamor. It had become conventionalized, systematized, mechanized. The correspondent's steed was an automobile to the shell zone, and thence he proceeded on foot. I learned to be an expert dodger in picking my way about battlefields. In the early days with the British, fear of shell bursts into your back was mixed with fear of the bursts in front. For the new factories in America and England were not expert in shell-making. As you passed forward through the tiers of guns you did not know what minute a premature might explode at the muzzle of a gun.

It was far from my thought in the bloody, cold mud of Neuve Chapelle—but not so far from my thought, after the Somme, when Russia was cracking—that the British New Army would not be enough reinforcement to turn the tide of victory for the Allies, and that, one day I was to be in uniform as one of the two million Americans in France. Strangest of all, as I look back on it, was how I was to do my "bit."

Next month Frederick Palmer will bring his reminiscences down through America's part in the winning of the World War.

## The A. E. F. of 1915

(Continued from page 34)

reunions can appear. So, if you want to gather your gang together, report the fact to the Company Clerk and also to Sidney T. Holzman, Chairman of Reunions, in care of Judge E. K. Jarecki, County Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Detailed information regarding the following Chicago convention reunions may be obtained from the persons whose names and addresses appear:

NATIONAL YEOMEN (F)—Reunion luncheon and annual meeting, Mon., Oct. 2, Palmer House, Chicago. Make reservations through Mrs. Nell W. Halstead, chmn., 7136 East End av., Chicago.

MARINETTES—Reunion of all women who served in the U. S. Marine Corps. Mrs. Blanche S. Osborne, 8245 Ingleside av., Chicago.

SOCIETY OF FIRST DIV., A. E. F.—Annual reunion. Headquarters, Hotel Sherman, Randolph & Clark sts., Chicago, where dinner, annual meeting and dance will be held on Oct. 2. Three-dollar fee includes all reunion entertainment. Gen. Summerall and other

C. O.'s to attend. D. E. Meeker, Room 208, 1 Hanson pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THIRD DIV. Soc.—Reunion during convention. Tom Harwood, 729 Emerson st., Evanston, Ill.

FOURTH DIV. Assoc.—Reunion. Gen. F. C. Bolles, Ft. Sheridan, Ill.

FIFTH DIV. ROUNDUP—Annual roundup, Chicago, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, just previous to Legion national convention. William Meyer, 20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

26TH (YANKEE) DIV.—Reunion banquet, Oct. 3, Chicago. E. E. Adamson, 624 E. 79th st., Chicago.

35TH DIV.—Chicago Aero Club reunion for all members of 35th Div., at 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago, Oct. 4. Curt Wilhelmi, 1119 S. Wabash av., Chicago.

92D DIV.—Reunion. Harold M. Tyler, 5501 Prairie av., Chicago.

93D DIV.—Clinton L. Hill, 3834 Calumet av., Chicago.

MARINES—4th annual reunion of all Marines, Wed., Oct. 4. Archie M. Benson, chmn., reunion comm., 423 County bldg., Chicago.

8TH INF., REG. U. S. ARMY—Organization and reunion meeting. Col. Morris M. Keck, U. S. Army, Federal bldg., Chicago, or Paul G. Armstrong, 209 N. La Salle st., Chicago.

33D U. S. INF.—Proposed organization and reunion of all men who served in Canal Zone during 1918-19. Louis J. Gilbert, 260 Gregory av., Apt. 6D, Passaic, N.J.

40TH INF., CO. D—Reunion and organization.

Charles R. Juranitch, 7840-16th av., Kenosha, Wisc. 129TH INF., Hq. Co.—Reunion, Sept. 27 to Oct. 6, Capt. George A. Burton, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago.

368TH INF., 92D DIV.—Chauncy D. Clarke, 5742 S. Parkway av., Chicago.

326TH M. G. BN., CO. D—Reunion and dinner. Walter M. Wood, Box 1001, Portsmouth, Ohio.

14TH F. A. BAND AND POST FIELD BAND (Ft. Sill and Post Field, Okla.)—A. L. Scott, Box 208, Paducah, Ky.

6TH F. S. BN.—Walter A. Firestone, Larwill, Ind., or Clare L. Moon, Niles, Mich.

419TH TEL. BN.—Reunion. Members asked also to send pictures, maps, stories, etc., for proposed history to ex-Sgt. H. T. Madden, 5931 Wayside av., Cincinnati, Ohio.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. SOC.—Organized Camp Grant, Ill., 1917. All out for Chicago, 1933. L. J. McClurg, secy-treas., 8535 Oglesby av., Chicago.

28TH ENGRS.—Erick O. Meling, 2046 N. Spaulding av., Chicago.

31ST RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—F. E. Love, secy-treas., 104½ First st., SW., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

36TH ENGRS.—H. J. Arens, 3516 S. Halsted st., Chicago.

39TH ENGRS., RY. OPERATING BN.—Reunion, Hotel Atlantic, Chicago, Oct. 3. B. E. Ryan, secy., 308 Central st., Elkins, W. Va.

56TH AND 603D ENGRS. (SEARCHLIGHT)—W. H.

White, 4831 Park av., South Minneapolis, Minn. 60th RY. ENGRS., A. E. F.—L. H. Foord, adjt., 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.

71st AND 904th ENGRS.—Louis D. Mickles, 604 Commerce bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

118th ENGRS., Ft. Benj. Harrison and A. E. F.—All veterans invited to register by mail with Illinois Central Post of the Legion, Chicago, for proposed reunion and entertainment during convention. Clyde D. Burton, adjt., 1171 E. 43d st., Chicago, Ill.

213th ENGRS., 13th DIV.—Proposed organization and reunion meeting. Truman S. Clark, 4553 N. Lincoln st., Chicago, Ill.

515th ENGRS., (Serv. Bn.), Cos. A, B, C and D—Officers and men, Stevens Hotel, Chicago. John G. C. Fluty, Winchester, Ky.

527th ENGRS.—Tues., Oct. 3. Maj. Edwin M. Sincere, Steger bldg., 28 E. Jackson bldv., Chicago. R. R. & C., of BILLETING SERVICE, BASE SEC. No. 2, Bordeaux—Proposed reunion. R. R. Brinkerhoff, Utica, Ohio.

803d PIONEER INF.—Reunion and organization meeting. R. S. Dudley, 68 E. 57th st., Chicago, Ill.

812th PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion. B. W. Holliday, 77 E. 35th st., Chicago.

814th PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion banquet. Fred R. Fielding, 5156 South Parkway, Chicago.

MOTOR TRUCK CO., No. 411—Reunion dinner. Lerooy C. Haney, Connerville, Ind. 100th SUP. TRN., Co. A—W. M. Applegate, 6033 Chamberlain av., Chicago.

323d SUP. CO., Q. M. C., and HQ. CO., A. P. O. 910—Proposed organization and reunion. J. J. Crean, Box 163, New Britain, Conn., or V. J. Bormann, Dectatur, Ind.

M. L. COS. 304-5-6-7-8, and CAS. CO. No. 5, Q. M. C.—D. V. Dake, 38 Hobart sq., Whitman, Mass.

4th ANTI-AIR CRAFT BN., C. A. C.—George A. Carman, Buffalo Center, Iowa.

C. A. C. (all batteries including 1st SEP. BRGDE.)—Headquarters at Taylor Post, A. L., Club Rooms, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. Reunion, banquet. J. A. Donnelly, 516 W. Seminary, Wheaton, Ill., or Wm. G. Kuenzel, 24 Gilman st., Holyoke, Mass.

TANK CORPS VETS.—N. Salowich, 1401 Barlum Tower, Detroit, or C. L. Lewellen, 4865 Newport av., Detroit, Mich.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Reunion, Headquarters, Palmer House, Chicago. Wilford L. Jessup, *Daily News Searchlight*, Bremerton, Wash., or Craig S. Herbert, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

17th BALLOON CO.—G. W. Palmer, 415 E. Main st., Logansport, Ind., or W. W. Laird, 3321 Virginia av., Sioux City, Iowa.

28th AERO SQDRN.—Organization and reunion. Daniel W. Thurman, P. O. Box 1177, Pampa, Texas. 35th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Chicago, Oct. 1-2. D. K. Mitchell, 41 Park av., Middleport, N. Y.

37th AERO SQDRN.—George J. Yepsen, 208 N. Wells st., or H. E. Holloway, 7205 Van Buren av., Hammond, Ind.

107th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Henry Schmidt, 331 N. Bancroft st., Indianapolis, Ind.

380th and 828th AERO SQDRN., (Mt. Clemens, Mich.)—Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

801st AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 30-Oct. 2. Frank Erhardt, 1022 N. Johnson st., South Bend, Ind.

802d AERO REPAIR SQDRN., Issoudun, France—Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Medford, Mass.

180th AERO SQDRN. (E.) KELLY FIELD, Tex.—Lisle O. Wagner, Ossining, N. Y.

CAS. CO. NO. 5, Q. M. C.—D. V. Dake, 38 Hobart sq., Whitman, Mass.

Q. M. DET., Issoudun, France—Proposed reunion. Charles A. La Salle, 510 S. Woodlawn av., Wheaton, Ill., or Frank L. Mullett, 28 Pearl st., Medford, Mass.

11th CONST. CO., AIR SERV., SIG. CORPS—Proposed reunion. Theodore J. Herzog, adjt., Harold A. Taylor Post, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

BATTLE SURVIVORS OF OLD BREWERY DETS. 2 AND 3, Q. M. C., Newport News—Reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Walter McLain, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Post Q. M. DET., GIEVRES, A. P. O. 713, also 4th CLERICAL CO., Camp Johnston, Fla.—Proposed reunion. Joseph C. Williamson, Route 1, Box 113, Argos, Ind.

311th M. P., CO. A, 86th DIV.—Vets. of Camp Grant, 1917-18. Earl L. Salomon, 318 W. Randolph st., Chicago.

LA SOCIETE DES SOLDATS DE VERNEUIL (BASE SPARE PARTS 1, 2 AND 3, M. T. C. 327)—Fifth annual reunion, Midland Club, 172 West Adams st., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3. B. C. Petersen, Jr., secretaire, 920 Arlington st., La Grange, Ill.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL VETS.—Hilmer Gellein, secy., P. O. Box 772, Detroit, Mich.

M. T. C. 301-2-3, VERNEUIL UNITS—Annual reunion and dinner. Joe Barnett, 3733 N. Halsted st., Chicago, or H. Hirsch, Lytton Bldg. Hq., Chicago, Ill.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS A. E. F. VETS—National meeting and reunion of all railroad men, 11th to 18th Engr. Regts., inclusive. Apply for delegate card to Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1132 Bryn Mawr st., Scranton, Pa.

MOTOR TRANS. CO. 688—Proposed reunion. Edward T. Gorgen, 5116 N. Claremont av., Chicago, 15th U. S. CAV.—Reunion of entire regiment, in addition to Troop I previously announced. Louis "Duke" Jannotti, 10208 Yates av., Chicago.

ORD. CORPS (units that served at Camp Hancock, Ga., Camp Sheridan, Ala., and Camp Mills, N. Y.) also M. P.'s of Camp Hancock—Reunion at clubhouse of Harold A. Taylor Post, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. Jim Mangan, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago. 3d ORD. BN., ST. LOUBES, Gironde, France—J. J. Coats, former C. O., Shell Lake, Wisc.

45th CO., 5th MARINES—M. K. McHenry, 1544 Arthur av., Chicago.

NORTH SEA MINE-LAYING FLEET AND MINE-SWEEPERS (both shore station and ships' crews—incl'dg. Naval Base 17)—REUNION, Oct. 3, Hq. in U. S. N. R. Armory, foot of Randolph st., on Lake Michigan. Ralph R. Maloney, Joliet Natl. Bank bldg., Joliet, Ill.

NAVY RADIO OPERATORS—Reunion, especially of those trained at Great Lakes, Harvard Radio School and New London Phone School. Norbert C. Knapp, 435 Turner av., Glen Ellyn, Ill.

U. S. NAVAL RY. BTRY.—Reunion. Fred Hartman, 1455 W. Congress st., Chicago.

COAST GUARD SERV.—Reunion of all Coast Guard men. N. L. Schank, 3241 N. Ashland av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Antigone* and *Saunders* Range, Glenburne, Md.—Oscar Hennes, 139 Pipestone st., Benton Harbor, Mich.

S. Black Arrow (formerly S. S. *Rhaetia* and *Black Hawk*) Armed Guard—Louis R. Dennis, 5111 Quarles st., N. E., Washington, D. C.

U. S. S. *Camden*, *Arethusa*, *Turkey* and *Maryland*—C. F. Speraw, c/o P. O., Harrisburg, Pa.

U. S. S. *El Sol*—Proposed reunion. Roy A. Glaser, 193 Orchard st., Elmhurst, Ill.

U. S. S. *Kansas* BLACK GANG—T. J. McCarthy, 711 Euclid av., Chicago, or R. T. Woodville, 2754 Osgood st., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Manta*—Wm. J. Johnson, 6358 Peoria st., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Mississippi*—Lester H. Bishop, 2205 Sixth st., Monroe, Wis.

U. S. S. *President Lincoln*—In addition to annual reunion on May 31, anniversary of sinking of the ship, a special reunion will be held in Chicago during Legion convention. Stephen A. Jusko, 902 N. Francisco av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Rhode Island*—Reunion. Veterans register at Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. Meeting probably on Tues., Oct. 3, with Admirals Rodman and Latimer as guests of honor. S. W. Leighton, 1118 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. *West-Pool*—Frank Noelle, Motor City Post, A. L., 658 Ledyard st., Detroit, Mich.

U. S. SUBMARINE BASES OR TENDERS, April, 1917, to July, 1921—Reunion under auspices WORLD WAR SUBMARINE VETS. ASSOC. Irving H. Hunciker, 833 South bldv., Evanston, Ill.

BASE HOSP., Camp MacArthur, Tex.—Entire staff. Sam L. Iiskiwitch, 4257 Archer av., Chicago, Ill.

BASE HOSP. NO. 136—Reunion of men, officers and nurses. Dr. Elmer V. McCarthy, Stewart bldg., 108 N. State st., Chicago.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 3—Guy R. Walthier, 118 W. Cherry st., Winslow, Ariz.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 6 VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion. History available. R. I. Prentiss, pres., Lexington, Mass.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 7—Reunion—W. W. Briggs, 305 N. Brainard av., La Grange, Ill., or phone La Grange 3080 or Berwyn 2646.

128th AMB. CO., 32d DIV.—Clarke W. Cummings, 400 Green av., Bay City, Mich.

AMB. CO. 129, 108th SAN. TRN., 33d DIV.—Fred S. Kahn, secy., 228 N. La Salle st., Room 1564, Chicago.

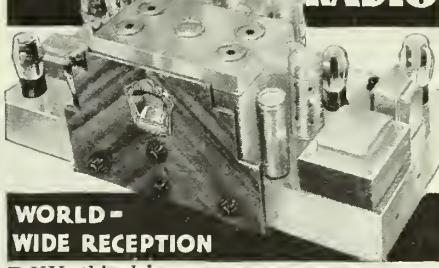
ADV. MED. SUP. DEPT. NO. 1, A. P. O. 712—Philip W. Seyfarth, First Natl. Bank, Blue Island, Ill.

NATIONAL GUARD ASSOC. OF THE U. S.—Reunion, Chicago, Sept. 27-29. Col. Diller S. Meyers, Hq., 33d Div., office of C. G., 33 N. La Salle st., Chicago, Illinois.

PULASKI POST, THE AMERICAN LEGION, will hold open house at its Memorial Home, 1558 N. Hoyne av., Chicago, for all veterans of Polish extraction during convention. Club House is a short distance from center of city. Felix A. Kempski, comdr., 2843 N. Mobile av., Chicago.

DORN FIELD MASONIC CLUB, Arcadia, Fla.—Leo Mayer, 614 E. 63d st., Chicago. (Continued on page 59)

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1933



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9-33

# The A. E. F. of 1915

(Continued from page 57)

DISABLED AMERICAN VETERANS OF THE WORLD WAR—Reunion of all members who are also Legionnaires and will attend Legion national convention in Chicago. H. A. Williams, adjt., Edw. Hines, Jr., Chapter, Disabled American Veterans, 127 N. Dearborn st., Chicago.

REUNIONS and other activities scheduled for places and times other than the Legion national convention, follow:

THIRI DIV. SOCIETY—All who send name, address and outfit number to G. B. Dubois, 1239-30th st., N. W., Washington, D. C., will receive copy of *The Watch on the Rhine*.

5TH DIV.—Annual reunion, Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 2-4. Peter P. Zion, pres., 1411 Jefferson st., Philadelphia, Pa.

29TH DIV. ASSOC.—Reunion, Newark, N. J., Sept. 16-17. (Dates changed from Oct. 7-8 to avoid conflict with Legion natl. conv.) All veterans write to H. J. Lepper, secy., 343 High st., Newark.

RAINBOW DIV. VETS.—The *Rainbow Reveille* is your magazine; write for free copy and state company and regiment with which you served. K. A. Sutherland, editor, 1213 Sonora av., Glendale, Calif.

77TH DIV.—Annual reunion and parade, Sat., Sept. 23, New York City. Dinner, dance and entertainment in evening at Hotel Astor. For reservations and information, inquire of Secretary, 77th Div. Assoc., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., NO. CALIF. SECTOR—For roster, send news of comrades, also names for roster, to Secy. Albert G. Boss, 624 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASHINGTON STATE—Compiling roster. Report to Jules E. Markow, 201 County-City bldg., Seattle, Wash.

101ST INF., A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—Triple anniversary, convention and reunion celebration, State Muster Field, Framingham, Mass., Sept. 8-10. All men who served at any time at Muster Field are invited. Survivors of Princess Pat Regiment of Canada as honored guests, also all Allied veterans. All Yankee Div. veterans, Legionnaires and men of other veteran organizations to attend. Drum corps and band contests, clam bake, fireworks and wrestling. James T. Duane, chairman, Concord st., Framingham, Mass.

4TH ILLINOIS-130TH INF. VETS. ASSOC.—7th annual reunion, Sept. 16-17, at Benton, Ill. Joe E. Harris, Paris, Ill.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—14th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 26, at conclusion of Dept. Convention of Pennsylvania Legion. Raymond A. Cullen, 6562 Windsor av., Philadelphia, Pa.

353N (ALL KANSAS) INF. SOC.—Convention and reunion, Abilene, Kans., Sept. 2-4. Headquarters at Sunflower Hotel. Milton Jones, Abilene.

355TH INF.—Convention and reunion, Albion, Nebr., Oct. 8-9. Albert P. Schwarz, reedg. secy., Lincoln, Nebr. L. I. Smoyer, pres., Albion.

3D N. J. INF., CO. K.—Reunion at Armory, Bridgeport, N. J., Oct. 14. Clifford J. Mixner, secy., Bridgeport.

110TH INF., CO. L, 28TH DIV.—3d annual reunion, Blairsville, Pa., Sept. 10. West A. Reed, secy., Blairsville.

140TH INF., CO. F.—Reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 3-4. F. A. Hagan, 3337 Bales, Kansas City.

152N INF., CO. B—15th anniversary reunion, Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 14. A. W. Reynolds, secy., 2351 Tippecanoe st., Terre Haute.

130TH M. G. BN., CO. B, 35TH DIV.—7th annual reunion, A. L. Memorial Home, Springfield, Mo., Sept. 26. Paul A. Frey, pres., Box 25, S. S. S., Springfield.

51ST PIONEER INF.—10th annual reunion, State Armory, Hempstead, L. I., N. Y., Sept. 10. Floyd S. Weeks, chmn. of reunion, Hempstead.

316TH F. S. BN. VETS. ASSOC.—Compiling directory of all who served in Camp Lewis and A. E. F., for distribution to members. Send names, addresses, rank and company to R. Howry, 41 First st., San Francisco, Calif.

11TH F. A.—Annual reunion, Altoona, Pa., Sept. 2-4 (Labor Day week-end). R. C. Dickeson, secy., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

143N F. A., 40TH DIV.—Reunion and dinner, Oakland, Calif., Sept. 2. Matt Martich, ex-1st sgt., Btry. B, Veterans Memorial Bldg., Emeryville, Calif.

322N F. A. ASSOC.—14th annual reunion, American Legion Home, Hamilton, Ohio, Sept. 9. L. B. Fritsch, P. O. Box 324, Hamilton.

34TH REGT. ENGRS.—5th annual reunion, Triangle Park, Dayton, Ohio, Sun., Sept. 3. Basket picnic, Ilq. at Gibbons Hotel. George Remple, secy.-treas., 1225 Alberta st., Dayton.

107TH ENGRS., 32D DIV.—4th annual reunion, Milwaukee, Wisc., Nov. 11. Jos. Hrdlick, secy., 2209 N. 41st st., Milwaukee.

109TH ENGRS.—Third biennial reunion, Council Bluffs, Iowa, Oct. 7-8. E. W. Rockwell, secy., 1815 Avenue E, Council Bluffs.

309TH AMMUN. TRN.—Fourth annual reunion, Shakamak Park, near Jasonville, Ind., Sun., Sept. 3. R. A. Jarvis, 2332 Sycamore st., Terre Haute, Ind. 302D ENGRS.—Reunion in conjunction with Dept. Legion convention, Binghamton, N. Y., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Fred A. Rupp, 28 E. 39th st., New York, N. Y.

309TH ENGRS.—10th annual reunion, Columbus, Ohio, Aug. 25-26. C. L. Orr, secy.-treas., 678 S. Remington rd., Columbus.

314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC., 89TH DIV.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., in Oct. To complete roster, all veterans report to R. J. Walker, 2720 Ann av., St. Louis.

308TH M. S. T. VETS. ASSOC.—8th annual reunion, Akron, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Hq. at Hotel Mayflower. Harold A. Waltz, 1014 Second Natl. Bank bldg., Akron.

826TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Chicago, date to be announced. John D. Shoptaugh, 3119 Empire State bldg., New York City.

1ST, 2D, 3D AND 4TH REGTS., AIR SERV. MECH., A. E. F.—Seventh annual reunion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Thomas J. Leary, 7141 Jeffrey av., Chicago.

U. S. ARMY AM. SERV. ASSOC.—To complete roster, all former members report to Edward C. Kemp, 6 Beacon st., Boston, or Wilbur P. Hunter, 5315 Chestnut st., Philadelphia, Pa.

AMB. CO. 35, 7TH SAN. TRN., 7TH DIV.—2d annual reunion, Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 3. Harry E. Black, Box 153, Parnassus Sta., New Kensington, Pa.

318 SUPPLY CO., Q. M. C., WESTERN DIV.—Reunion in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 1-4. Sherman Hotel suggested as headquarters. Party at "Mother" Shepherd's home, Sat. eve, Sept. 2. Report to Mrs. Fannie Shepherd, 110 S. Grove av., Oak Park, Ill.

MARINES: BARNETT MEMORIAL FUND COMMITTEE

—All former officers and men are invited to contribute not to exceed two dollars each to a fund being raised to erect a memorial to the late Major General George Barnett, U. S. Marine Corps, in the Washington (D. C.) Cathedral. Remittances may be made to Lt. Col. Chas R. Sander, A. Q. M., U. S. M. C., Hq., U. S. Marine Corps, Navy bldg., Washington, D. C.

U. S. NAV. AIR STA., PORTO CORSINO, ITALY—Proposed reunion of all officers and men. D. Edward Lepore, Box 99, Fayville, Mass.

U. S. S. MINNESOTA—Proposed reunion and dinner. Chas. F. Bowman, 348 W. Patriot st., Somerset, Pa.

BASIS HOSP. NO. 116—15th annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Nov. 11. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 416 Marlborough st., Boston, Mass.

VETS., MEN. DET., JEFFERSON BARRACKS, MO., 1917-18—5th annual reunion, Post Hospital grounds, Jefferson Barracks, Sun., Sept. 3. J. T. Pinkton, 962 Paul Brown bldg., St. Louis, Mo., Roy Wentworth, Chamber of Commerce, St. Louis, or W. J. Meisenbach, 816 Perea st., Peru, Ill.

EVAC. HOSP. NO. 13—Reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 2-4. To complete roster, write to Mark Reilly, pres., 1920 Central Park av., Chicago.

PSYCHOLOGICAL CO. NO. 1, CAMP GREENLEAF, GA.—Reunion luncheon, New College Residence Halls, University of Chicago (Ill.), Sept. 12. G. J. Rich, 907 S. Lincoln st., Chicago.

A. I. F.—All ex-members of the A. I. F., residing outside of Australia, are requested to report to R. D. Hadfield, Editor, *Reveille*, official publication of the Returned Sailors and Soldiers' Imperial League of Australia.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

U. S. S. NORTH DAKOTA—Radio gang, 1917-18, who remember accident to F. H. YOUNG, radio striker, who was hit by hammer falling from after cage mast while repairs being made to damaged aerial caused by storm off Hatteras.

U. S. S. BUFFALO—George J. BOWERSOCK, formerly of Sapulpa, Okla., last heard from in Springfield, Mo., working for Frisco Lines, and H. T. LEE of Okla., to assist Ivan E. BUSHONG.

109TH INF., CO. M, 28TH DIV.—Sgts. HAIG and MCNEIL, Cpl. HINTON and BLAIR, Pvts. RUSH and BETZ, 2d Lt. MCFADEEN, who remember foot injury to Reuben T. CARLSON in Argonne. Also doctor who examined him.

61ST CO., 16TH REC. BN., 162N D. B., CAMP PIKE, ARK.—1st Lt. Wm. L. GITTIN, 1st Sgt. Clarence R. CONLEY, Cpl. Roy A. HIXSON, Pvts. Elmer C. BLACK, Temperance M. COCHRAN and Edward G. SABINE, to assist James C. CHRONISTER.

605TH ENGRS., CO. E, AND 56TH ENGRS., CO. H, AMERICAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT DIV., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Cpl. Joseph V. BRENNAN and Isadore WILLENSKY, Sgt. 1st cl. William P. CONLEY, and John DADO, William DEADY and Fred HAWKINS, who recall injury to Fred DEMURRY. Also stationed at Naval Rifle Range, Annapolis, Md.

4TH BTRY., F. A., 1ST CO., SECOND O. T. C., FT. BENJ. HARRISON, IND.—1st Lt. Harry E. CALDWELL (formerly of Denver, Colo.), instructor of 4th Btry., to assist Chas. N. HOBSON with claim.

7TH ANTI-AIRCRAFT BN., BTRY. D—Stanley STIVES, Christopher W. NORTON, Harry JACKSON, Ray POWELL, Arthur or James MALONEY and others to assist Thomas H. LYNCH.

154TH INF., M. G. CO., AND 317TH INF., M. G. CO.—Capt. V. M. MILES, Sgt. Geo. H. MANGUS, Cpl. WHITE, George POOK and (Continued on page 60)

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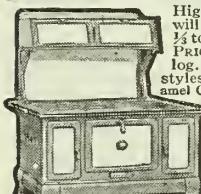
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# The A. E. F. of 1915

(Continued from page 59)

C. P. KING, Pvts. Claude E. SMILEY, James (Scotty) WALKER and others who recall leg and arm disability of Clarence O. (Pinky) PINKERTON in A. E. F. during Sept. and Oct., 1918.

44TH INF., CO. M—Company mechanic who recalls Ira RICKETTS receiving treatment for sinus, July, 1918; also Cpl. F. A. HARRIS who remembers leg disability of RICKETTS in Sept.-Oct., 1918.

ROOF, John Thomas—Served in 52d Inf., July, 1916, to Aug., 1920. Left wife and child in Neal, Ga., during Feb., 1921, to obtain work in Uniontown, Ky. Wrote and sent funds to wife for some weeks. Letters ceased. Missing. Information wanted relative whereabouts or possible death, to assist destitute wife and child.

4TH INF., CO. C, and 18TH F. A., BTRY. B—Former members who recall Pvt. 1st Dennis WADLEY between Apr., 1918, and Aug., 1919. WADLEY married French girl and came to U. S., but neither has been heard from for six years. May have returned to France.

BAILEY, Frank George, honorably discharged July 22, 1921, at Ft. Sill, Okla. Gave future address as Stockton, Calif. Missing.

O'BRIEN, Leo Francis—Pvt., U. S. Marine Corps, July 23, 1918, to Oct. 15, 1919. Disappeared from home in Pawtucket, R. I., Dec. 1924.

STOVER, James H.—Pvt., Co. M, 112th Inf., June 28, 1918, to May 8, 1919. Hazel eyes, brown hair, fair complexion, 45 years old, 5 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. tall. Miss-

ing from home in Mabscott, W. Va., since Jan., 1926.

GARNER, William McKinley—Cpl., Co. A, 304th Amm. Trn. Gassed in A. E. F., moody, threatened suicide. Left home in Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 24, 1921, to go to Chester, Pa., to seek work. Missing.

PAGNINI, Giuseppe—Pvt., Co. M, 39th Inf., discharged Apr. 9, 1919, S. C. D. on account dementia praecox. Admitted Manhattan State Hosp., N. Y., Apr. 12, 1919, missing since escape on Sept. 12, 1919.

KATZ, Abraham—Pvt., Co. D, 146th Inf. Blue eyes, black hair, fair complexion, 5 ft. 6 in., born Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 25, 1895. Was drug addict at age 16. Hospitalized at Phila. Gen. Hosp., for drugs, May, 1921; dementia praecox, Dec., 1921. Missing since Mar., 1924.

DRAKE, Arthur E.—Pvt., Co. K, 43d Inf. Born Des Moines, Iowa, Oct. 24, 1881. Reported addicted to use of drugs and liquor, mind impaired. Admitted Veterans' Home, Kansas, Jan., 1926, dropped from rolls June, 1926. Missing since 1926.

PIERCE, Daniel (col.)—Left home in Washington, N. C., July, 1923, to seek work in New Bern and Wallace, N. C. Mind affected during 1922. Brown eyes, black hair, black complexion, 5 ft. 6 in., white spot below right shoulder blade. Scars R. knee cap, L. elbow, L. hand. Born Aug. 11, 1891. Missing.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk

## The Court Takes the Case

(Continued from page 15)

oddly silent. This silence has not gone undetected by the nation's press. The Toledo News-Bee comments:

"The time is just about ripe for America's ex-service men to look about them and inquire irreverently. 'When are the rest of you birds going to step up and take your medicine?'

"The ex-service men took theirs first. The federal budget had to be cut and cut heavily. Out of the payments to the ex-soldiers came \$450,000,000. The service veterans, naturally enough, fought against it; but once the law went through they took it, on the whole, like men.

"At the time the country had a lot of praise for an administration that dared to defy such a well-organized and powerful lobby. It was widely remarked that however much merit there might be to the veterans' claim for special attention, times were extraordinary and the interest of the nation as a whole must be put above the interest of any single group.

"That was all true enough. But the ex-service men are entitled to wonder, now, when some of the other groups that have been enjoying special privileges are going to get similar treatment."

And the Salt Lake City Tribune takes up specifically, in this connection, an evil with which you are all familiar:

"Governmental economies cannot end with the huge slashes which have been carved out of particular groups. Rather, they must proceed to the ultimate limit, must continue on, until all waste and extravagance have been removed from the federal budgets."

"This, in brief, is the declaration of Louis A. Johnson, national commander of the American Legion, on his visit to Salt Lake. It is both logical and consistent, as well as the natural expectation of a group which

has been called upon to share heavily in the government's program of economy.

"Current economies are necessary, imperative. But, as Commander Johnson indicates, justice demands that they be pursued to the absolute limit. There can be no lasting program of economical administration of governmental affairs, unless it drives directly at all unnecessary expenditures. It is the only way in which the current course can be justified before all people.

"Mr. Johnson, perhaps, has something of the same thing in mind, as he directs general attention to the financial involvements that have come to governments as a result of tax-exempt securities. There never has been much doubt that such a course ultimately would serve to distort the tax burden, which in turn was bound to make for a governmental problem.

"We have encountered this very conflict. Vast sums of private money are tied up in governmental financing, largely for the tax preference allowed. That it is an obstacle to private financing and private initiative is self-evident. Perhaps the Legion leader is not far wrong when he declares that it is the seat of a major portion of our trouble. Certainly, in such times as these, when taxes constitute a major concern to every individual, there can be little hope of relief while preferential bids make governmental securities the first objective of capital. The logical limit of this is suppression of private effort in favor of governmental activity, which inevitably results in the destruction of the sources of taxation."

In an editorial entitled "In Defense of the Legion" the Newburgh (New York) News says: "The American Legion being made up of all sorts and conditions of men, no one person can presume to speak the

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This is The American Legion poster for 1934, which will be displayed everywhere in the country after November 1st under arrangements to be made by posts with the local members of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America. Order blanks and information have been sent by National Headquarters to all posts

minds of all of them. The majority, however, undoubtedly fit into a picture presented by National Commander Louis Johnson in an address. This is a picture born of the spirit of devotion to country which stands for the patriotic ideals in peace for which its members offered themselves in war." And the Meridian (Mississippi) *Star* declares: "No just person would see those veterans who are broken in mind or body cast off by an ungrateful government. The general public—that part of the body politic which is neither pro-Legion nor anti-Legion—has nothing but admiration and respect for the veterans who are waging their battle in behalf of comrades whose lives were utterly and absolutely ruined by military service."

The Indianapolis *Times* says: "The nation needs the Legion as never before," and the Kansas City *Star* asks for "justice to deserving veterans." The Shreveport *Observer* believes that Legion "observers" throughout the country "can perform a most worthwhile service by combating every sort of governmental extravagance and demanding, instead, the same drastic economies which the veterans have been forced to accept." The Marysville (California) *Appeal-Democrat* asserts that "The American Legion is on the right track when it levels its peace-time guns at the practice of the government in issuing tax exempt securities." The Texarkana (Texas) *Gazette* applauds a Legion program having as its basis the slogan: "Every time you see a dollar wasted in government—whether municipal, county, state, or federal—for the love of our disabled comrades, do something about it." The Stockton (California) *Record* sees an opportunity for Legion leadership to "perform valuable service in these days of debatable differences of opinion and policy."

Just as this issue of the Monthly goes to press, there arrives a clipping of a lead editorial from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* to conclude this symposium of comment from the nation's newspapers from coast to coast. It is entitled "The Legion's Alternatives":

"The posts of the American Legion are getting ready for the national convention of the organization at Chicago which it is expected will be the greatest gathering in its history in point of numbers. It may well be, also, the greatest gathering in the definition and adoption of permanent principles and policies.

"The Legion at this time is faced by two crucial alternatives. Is it to be the constructively patriotic organization it was designed to be and make the welfare of the country its first consideration, or will it be primarily an agency for promoting drafts upon the Federal Treasury beyond the power of the country to sustain? The events of the last six months have created a situation which demands a decision on the part of the Legion, a decision which will determine whether it is to be an instrument for the country's good as well as for the real good of the veterans, or to be largely a political instrument for the advancement of selfish interests. If it takes the former course it will go on and up; if the latter, it will go down, and ought to go down . . .

"It is the recognized and unquestioned duty of the Government to give aid to disabled veterans who by reason of their service are entitled to help, and to the dependents of those who have sacrificed their lives in that service. It is the abuses of the system of benefits—developing gradually since the war until they created an unbearable load upon the taxpayers—that have caused public condemnation and have endangered the financial integrity of the government. Such a system the Legion cannot consistently defend if it is to retain its status as a patriotic order. But it can rightfully and patriotically exercise its influence in behalf of justice for those veterans or their dependents who are actually deserving of governmental consideration.

"It will be well for the Legion, well for the deserving veterans, and well for the country, if delegations are elected to the national convention that will give support to such a policy and condemn any proposals that are not in accord with it."

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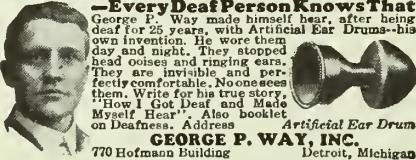
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## Your Big Moment Is Due

(Continued from page 31)

with its dazzling white uniforms, silvered helmets and shining Sam Browne belts. When the fifty or more drummers and buglers from Miami let loose on parade you get a thrill comparable to seeing the Statue of Liberty after eighteen months in the A. E. F.

Yes, Harvey Seeds Post will be at Chicago all right, but that isn't news. Our excuse this time for painting the rainbow or gilding the sunset is a note from Joe Frank, Post Adjutant, telling how the outfit went to the Florida Department's convention held in Havana early in May. The outfit flew to Havana.

Just flying isn't news any more either. But the Miami drum corps flew in grand style, as is befitting the Legion's erstwhile national champions. It flew in the forty-passenger, four-motored *American Clipper*, pride of the Pan-American Airways System. Fourteen men had to go in one of the two other planes used to haul Miami Legionnaires to Havana, but the forty on the giant air liner got a new thrill. The ship carried the corps the 250 miles from Miami to Havana in two hours and fifteen minutes. The main body of Florida Legionnaires, 800 of them, made the trip by train and boat, a day's journey. The corps marched in the parade in Havana just two and a half hours after it left its home city. It won the state championship, as usual, and was presented with a silken Cuban flag by the Cuban government.

## Economy Act Policy

A FOUR-POINT program to govern the Legion's attitude on future changes in the Economy Act was recommended at a conference of the Legion's rehabilitation workers and department officials of the Northeastern States held at Washington at the end of June. The meeting was authorized by the National Executive Committee in May and was the first of four to be held in all sections of the country before the Chicago national convention. Watson B. Miller, chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee, presided. The program, which will be submitted to the Chicago convention, was as follows:

1. That no war veteran disabled in line of duty suffer any reduction of those benefits granted such veteran in the World War Veterans Act as in effect prior to March 20, 1933.

2. That hospitalization under Federal Government auspices be afforded to all veterans not dishonorably discharged who require hospital treatment and who are not able to pay for their own treatment.

3. That perpetuation of service connection for all veterans properly granted such service connection under laws in existence prior to March 20, 1933, be recommended as an item of Legion policy.

4. That the benefits provided for dependents of veterans as established in the World War Veterans Act be resumed and maintained as the Government's policy and that in no event shall widows and dependent children of deceased World War veterans be without government protection.

## Armistice Day Envelopes

SERVICE men who have progressed from stamp collecting to the collecting of cachets and envelopes will want to get in touch with Legionnaire Albert Gyngell, Cachet Director of The Philadelphia Record Stamp Club, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. On November eleventh the club will mail envelopes decorated with a commemorative steel-engraved Armistice Day cachet. The cachet will be applied free to as many envelopes as a Legionnaire sends. For fifteen cents the club will mail on Armistice Day two different-colored envelopes bearing the cachet.

## Teapot Dome's Neighbors

THERE are Legion posts composed entirely of physicians and dentists, other posts made up mostly of artists and actors, and still others to which only policemen or firemen belong. Now Orin Snyder Post of Midwest, Wyoming, modestly advances a claim to distinction in the fact that it is composed entirely of workers in the Salt Creek Oil Field, an area of four miles by ten, adjoining the famous Teapot Dome. The post was born in 1920 and has been going strong ever since. Most of the Legionnaires are employed by the Midwest Refining Company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

"Wyoming gives service men taxation exemption of \$2,000 on real and personal property," writes Post Adjutant W. C. Ind. "The taxation lists provide a convenient check-up for each year's membership campaign, so that we don't overlook many prospects."

## South Londonderry Limited

FROM Brattleboro to South Londonderry the West River Railroad winds its way through thirty-six miles of Vermont mountain scenery, but no de luxe passenger train with blazing lights flashes from town to town in thirty minutes. No, the West River Railroad is a serpentine line and even a daylight journey is an adventure. Passenger trains fled from its rails some years ago. Wherefore, residents of the valley rubbed their eyes on a night in March when a train which looked like the ghost of something that ran back in 1899 rumbled into view and a locomotive's whistle and bell echoed back from the hills.

At stopping places, they learned it was Brattleboro Post of The American Legion on its way to South Londonderry.

"That was a trip," reports Errol W. Richardson of the Brattleboro outfit. "Other posts have chartered special cars and special trains, but we believe we are the first post to lease an entire railroad system. When Robert T. Shepardson Post of South Londonderry invited our post to pay it a visit, we found we had 177 men who wanted to go. So we got the road's entire rolling stock, consisting of a locomotive and two coaches, and borrowed a caboose from the Central Vermont Railroad so we wouldn't be crowded."

### Boston Legion Chorus

WHEN Countess Elektra Rosanska became director of the Suffolk County American Legion Glee Club last January, she found 150 Legionnaires of Boston and vicinity raring to go musically, in the same spirit which had marked the A. E. F. when Countess Rosanska knew it in 1918. Only thirty of them could read music, but after eight months of concerts the outfit is all set to compete with other Legion choruses during the Chicago national convention. General Pershing called Countess Rosanska "the Singing Colonel of the A. E. F." She is a noted operatic soprano and has sung in grand opera both in this country and in Europe. Under her direction, the Legion Glee Club has appeared in concerts this summer throughout New England.

### Name and Fame

AMONG the names that led all the rest when Irwin (Pennsylvania) Post ceremoniously bestowed American Legion school award medals upon the prize stu-

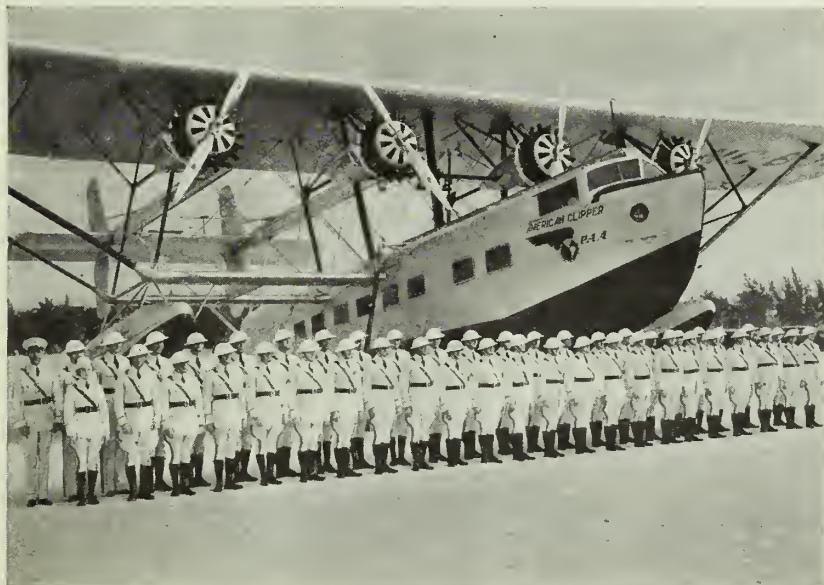
dents of the grammar grade graduating class of the Irwin schools was the name of Yee Doo Tuey, born at Kwangtung, China, in 1913.

Those who witnessed the ceremonies in the high school auditorium and in front of the flag pole on the school house grounds reflected on the marvels of destiny. A World War, breaking out a year after a Chinese boy is born, changes the currents of world affairs, and he is borne upon them to a new land. In 1926 he had arrived in Irwin knowing but a few words of English. In six years he had mastered the first eight grades. Not for scholarship alone, but also for his possession of other qualities which made him outstanding among his fellow pupils was he awarded one of the five medals given boys of his class, the Post Commander reminded the audience at The American Legion medal ceremonies.

### Roll Call

LEONARD H. NASON, who wrote "Late Harvest," is a vice-commander of Crosscup-Pishon Post of Boston, Massachusetts . . . Marquis James and Frederick Palmer are members of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . Orland Kay Armstrong belongs to Goad-Ballinger Post of Springfield, Missouri, and is chairman of the Child Welfare Committee of the Missouri Department and a member of the National Child Welfare Committee . . . John R. Wilson is a member of Villa Park (Illinois) Post . . . National Commander Louis Johnson is a member of Roy E. Parrish Post of Clarksburg, West Virginia . . . Abian A. Wallgren belongs to Thomas J. Reath Marine Post of Philadelphia . . . Bernhard Ragner, a Paris newspaperman, is a member of Paris (France) Post.

PHILIP VON BLON



If the Legion goes to Paris or Rome for its 1937 national convention, watch Miami! Miami Post's drum corps got its wings this spring by flying to Havana, Cuba, in The American Clipper for the Florida Department convention

# WANTED

## MEN HANDY AT TINKERING AROUND THE CAR . . . TO TRY LAVA SOAP

Car tinkerers wanted! Amateur gardeners, too! Men handy at doing odd jobs around the house! All men—and women—who get their hands extra-dirty are wanted to try Lava Soap—to find out for themselves how quickly this hard-working, long-lasting cake gets the grimest hands clean.

Lava is made specially for extra-dirty hands. It contains fine, powdery pumice which gets even ground-in grime in less than a minute. Lava contains glycerine and other oils which soothe the tenderest skin. It saves you money because it outlasts ordinary toilet soaps 3 to 1.

Don't waste ordinary toilet soaps. Don't wash gobs of expensive lather down the drain. The very next time your hands get grimy, reach for a husky cake of Lava and watch the grime disappear like magic.

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**FREE**—a full-sized cake of Lava. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 349, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio. Give full name and address.



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Would have cost \$10 a few years ago!



now \$350 for the new



## BUCK SKEIN JACKET

Trade Mark Reg'd U.S. Pat. Off.  
A few years ago this new and handsome Buck Skein would have sold for \$10. A few months ago, when raw materials touched their lowest prices, this miracle became a reality—the new Buck Skein is here in all its glory—at \$3.50.

Under a magnifying glass you would see that Buck Skein is now constructed like talons of steel, interlocking in a vise-like grip. Neither the claws of rough wear nor the fangs of winter make the slightest impression on Buck Skein's velvet-like surface. This is no idle boast—I back it up with a—

### LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE

Wear Buck Skein hard. Wash it. Rub it. Scrub it. Mail it. Not a fibre gives way. It will not shrink. It won't fade. It won't do anything but act as handsome as it really is.

The Jacket pictured above, the "Cossack," has a self-bottom band for extra wear; adjustable hip straps and buckle; slashed deep pockets. The Jacket pictured below has a knitted worsted band (preferred by some) and buttoned flap pockets. Either style can be had with Talon Slide Fastener. Take particular note of the knitted wristlets concealed in the sleeves. Just another new feature for warmth. Keeps cold winds from blowing up your arms. Colors: Buckskin tan and gray.

See your dealer without delay. Lose no time because these low prices can't last. Good stores sell Buck Skeins. But if your dealer is all sold out, then mail me the coupon below, enclose your check or money order, and I'll send you *now* Buck Skein—and prepay all carrying charges myself.



Knit Bottom

*Buck Skein Joe*

% LUSTBERG, NAST & CO., Inc., Makers  
212 Fifth Ave., Dept. L9, New York City.  
See that I get my new Buck Skein Jacket  
in the style checked. (Check here)  
Cossack Jacket (See large picture) \$3.50   
Knit bottom Jacket (Small picture) \$3.50   
Cossack  or Knit bottom  with  
the Talon Slide Fastener \$4.50

Give neck band or chest size.

Here's my check  or money order

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# The Voice of The Legion

(Continued from page 53)

workers, coming from American taxes, should be spent for American-made products, so others may also be put to work . . .

Again we must say, in order to answer those who would attempt to write something into the "Buy American" program that never was there, that there is no boycott of all foreign materials implied or intended. There are foreign commodities and raw materials that we must purchase abroad for they are neither produced nor grown here. We must get coffee from over the seas, likewise crude rubber, and tin, and silk, and other things. But we can, and should demand the "Made in the U. S. A." stamp on manufactured products we purchase, when there is both a domestic and an imported article to choose from—and thus do our individual parts in securing the return to America of a job for him who would work, and a living wage for the worker.—*Legion News, Detroit, Michigan.*

### ECONOMY, THOU ART A JEWEL

THE Boards of Review, of five members each, are soon to be named and to begin the task of reviewing the claims of ex-service men who were knocked out by the recent economy spasm as well as many others who for one reason or another have been stood off by previous boards.

There are going to be well over 800,000 claims to review and adjust and it's going to be quite some job for these boards to take evidence on. Many of these claims have been before the Veterans Bureau for many years and each one was given a careful review on the evidence submitted. As time passes and we get further and further away from the war it becomes increasingly difficult for the claimants to secure properly substantiated evidence.

The fact that these boards will be political may be taken as a guarantee that no one will be in a hurry; then too, each member of each board will receive \$15 per day with \$5 per day for expenses making the daily cost of each board \$100 per day. Should each board give decisions on 16 cases per day (which is unlikely) then each case would have cost \$6.25 for review and at that rate the cost of reviewing 800,000 cases is going to cost the taxpayers five million dollars and this will be charged up to the Veterans Administration and paid out of the Veterans Bureau allowance.

The ordinary man on the street is inclined to wonder why it is necessary to spend these millions, when with the medical staffs at the Veterans' hospitals there is already all the machinery necessary to do this work at no extra expense. The only answer seems to be that it is an economy move—economy at the expense of thousands of deserving disabled ex-service men.—*Legion Record, Walter C. Lee Post, Walla Walla, Washington.*

### REPEAL THE "ECONOMY ACT"

APPARENTLY The American Legion must demand that Congress repeal immediately all of that portion of the so-called "Economy Act" dealing with veterans' relief. After this is done it will then be the duty of the Legion and Congress to make statutory amendments to the old laws which would eliminate any undeserving cases where veterans are being paid by the Government.

One thing is certain; until the "Economy Act" is repealed, there will be no just or permanent laws enacted to govern compensation for disabled veterans.—*The Tennessee Legionnaire.*

## COMING: THE LEGION'S OWN MANUAL on THE ECONOMY ACT

THE National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C., is preparing a revision of the Post Service Officer's Manual which will cover comprehensively the provisions of the Economy Act and the regulations and interpretations pertaining to it. When printed, this will be distributed widely. Announcement of the publication date will be made later. Completion of the work has been delayed by the series of changes made in the original Economy Act and its regulations and instructions by Congress, the President and by the administrative officials, and the consequent uncertainty regarding many provisions which has prevailed up to this time.

The Rehabilitation Service News, distributed monthly by the National Rehabilitation Committee among service officers of posts and Departments, has contained the text of law and regulations and much interpretative material, but frequently information published has become out of date before it could be distributed.

The Legion's national committee warns that it is unnecessary for Legion service officers to purchase guides to the new law published by other organizations or individuals, since the Legion's own Post Service Officer's Manual, completed after the law and attendant regulations and interpretations have become stabilized, may be relied upon as up-to-date and authoritative and as otherwise suitable.



## Your 1934 Poster

**IS A DIRECT HIT  
FOR MEMBERSHIP**

★★★ A new and serious note! Membership! Direct, compelling! The imperative appeal! Lithographed in five colors. The sky a reflection of battle fire. The words above the black panel at the bottom are in black, and the words across the bottom are in the same orange color of the general background. The figure of the soldier from the trenches is in life-like tones.

See this poster on display at your department convention. It will be ready for thirty thousand outdoor panels the first of November, through the co-operation of the Outdoor Advertising Association of America Inc., if your Post does its part and orders the required number early. Take this order blank to your next

Post meeting and get action on it. The National Organization of The American Legion has officially adopted the above design and has authorized the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to make, sell and distribute all Legion posters, display cards and windshield stickers bearing such design.

----- ORDER BLANK—REMITTANCE, PAYABLE TO THE MORGAN LITHOGRAPH CO., MUST ACCOMPANY THIS ORDER -----

MORGAN LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1933

Please enter our order for ..... posters @ \$1.00 each delivered. Check or money order for \$ ..... enclosed.  
 ..... window cards @ 6c each delivered. (Minimum order 20 cards.)  
 ..... windshield stickers @ 3c each delivered. (Minimum order 50 stickers.)

Post Ship posters to local poster plant owner:

No. .... Dept. of .....  
 Street .....  
 City ..... State .....



# IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO FLY THE MAIL AT NIGHT

• ABOVE—A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Trans-continental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!

• RIGHT—AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.



• EVER NOTICE HOW airplane passengers smoke at each stop? Camels never get on your nerves, no matter how much you smoke, and there's more real enjoyment in their costlier tobaccos.

## IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They are milder, richer in flavor. They never tire your taste or get on your nerves.



## STEADY SMOKERS TURN TO CAMELS

A. M. WILKINS, air-mail ace, says: "It's a steady grind, all right, living up to our tradition that *the mail must go through!* That's why I smoke Camels. And I smoke plenty! Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves, and I like their mild, rich flavor."

\* \* \*

Steady smokers turn to Camels because the costlier tobaccos in Camels never get on the nerves ... never tire the taste. Your taste and your nerves will confirm this. Start smoking Camels today!

Copyright, 1933,  
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

# Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES  
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE